Sport, Travel & Fiction

The BYSTANDER.

Art Literature & the Drama.

No. 68.—Vol. V. [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.] Wednesday, March 22, 1905 [Price 6d. By Post, 6½d.

Photo by *H. Walter Barnett*

The Marchioness of Anglesey

Who was with her husband at Monte Carlo when he died

No. 68.—Vol. V.

CONTENTS

Wednesday, March 22, 1905

	PAGE
Frontispiece	597
The World's Pageant	599
People of the Hour	602
The Latest Portrait of the Russian Royal Family	607
At the Haymarket Theatre: "Everybody's Secret"	608
Random Jottings	611
Venice: The Queen of the Adriatic ...	613
Berlin's Fat Men: A Scientific View...	616
Mr. Biff's Travels with a Guide-Book...	617
Concerning Mr. John Hare (No. 68 of the Series)	618
The Whimsicalities of W. Heath Robinson	620
Beauty and the Lyric Stage	621
Our Short Story—"The Engagement is Announced—" By Harold Muir	624
The Library	628
Gossip About Books	629
By Field, Stream, and Covert. Edited by the Hon. L. J. Bathurst ...	632
The World of Art: The Apotheosis of Whistler	635
A Continental Holiday in London. By Humphrey Wallis	637
Golf Notes and Notions. By Ernest Lehmann	639
Lawn Tennis at Monte Carlo	641
Automobile Topics	642
Frocks, Frills, and Furbelows ...	646

The Editor is always pleased to receive contributions from readers, but all such must be accompanied by the necessary stamps for return, if unsuitable, and all MSS., photographs, and drawings must bear the name and address of the sender. If stamps are not enclosed they will be destroyed. Liberal payment is made on publication for all accepted matter. Short, witty sketches and episodes, rather than stories, of a bright, crisp, and epigrammatic nature, of about 1,000 to 1,500 words in length, are the only kind of fiction that is wanted, and preference is given to that which is light and amusing. News and photographs of events on the Continent of interest to English readers are immediately considered. The Editor is always pleased to receive suggestions and ideas from his readers. All letters, etc., should be addressed to the Editor, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, Whitefriars, E.C. The Telephone Number is 471 Holborn. Although every effort is made to deal with contributions promptly, it must be understood that the Editor cannot accept responsibility for unsolicited contributions.

Amusements

APOLLO THEATRE.
HENRY LOWENFELD, Sole Proprietor.
TOM B. DAVIS, Lessee and Manager.
MR. GEORGE EDWARDES' SEASON.
EVERY EVENING, at 8.15.
VERONIQUE.
Matinée, Every Saturday, at 2.

EMPIRE THEATRE.
"THE DANCING DOLL,"
NEW FAIRY DIVERTISSEMENT, AND MAGNIFICENT VARIETY ENTERTAINMENT. Doors 7.45.

THE COLISEUM. CHARING CROSS.
FOUR PERFORMANCES DAILY, at 12 noon, 3 o'c., 6 o'c., and 9 o'c. TWO ALTERNATE PROGRAMMES. All seats in all parts are numbered and reserved. Stamped addressed envelopes should accompany all postal applications for seats.
Telegrams: "Coliseum, London." Telephone Nos. 7689 Gerrard, for Boxes, £2 2/- and £1 1/-, 4/-, 3/-, and 2/- seats; and 7699 Gerrard, for 1/- and 6d. seats. Children under twelve half price to all Stalls.

THE LYCEUM. TWICE NIGHTLY, at 6.30 and 9.
Matinées, Wednesdays and Saturdays, at 2.30.
HIGH-CLASS VARIETIES.
Popular Prices, 6d. to 1½ guineas. Children half price.
Managing Director. THOMAS BARRASFORD.

THE BYSTANDER

Ready Every Wednesday

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION (Post Free)

	At Home	Abroad
Twelve Months (52 Numbers)	£1 8 2	£1 16 10
Six Months (26 Numbers)	14 1	18 5
Three Months (13 Numbers)	7 1	9 3

Subscriptions must be paid in advance, either through a local Newsagent, or direct to the Publisher,

"THE BYSTANDER" OFFICE, TALLIS STREET, WHITEFRIARS, E.C.

NOTICE.—Paris Office, 24, Cité Trevise, where all orders for Continental Subscriptions, Advertisements, and Electros should be addressed.

POSTAGE RATES FOR THIS WEEK'S "BYSTANDER" are as follow:—To any part of the United Kingdom ½d. per copy, irrespective of weight. To any other part of the world the rate would be ½d. FOR EVERY TWO OUNCES. Care should, therefore, be taken to WEIGH AND STAMP correctly all copies so forwarded.

BOOKS RECEIVED

FICTION

"The Dryad." By Justin Huntly McCarthy. (Methuen: 6s.)
"Beverly of Graustark." By Geo. Barr McCutcheon. (Hodder and Stoughton: 6s.)
"A Pagan's Love." By Constance Clyde. (Unwin's First Novel Library: 6s.)
"Jehanne. A Romance of Modern Normandy." By E. A. Gillie. (Isbister: 6s.)
"The Return of Sherlock Holmes." By A. Conan Doyle. (Newnes: 6s.)
"The Money Hunger." By Harry Golding. (Ward Lock: 3s. 6d.)
"The Stepping Stone." By Helen Hester Colvill. (Constable: 6s.)
"The Stickit Minister." By S. R. Crockett. Cheap edition. (Fisher Unwin: 1s.)
"Beneath the Veil." By Adeline Sergeant. Cheap edition, papers covers. (John Long: 6d.)
"Crittenden." By John Fox. (Constable: 6s.)

MISCELLANEOUS

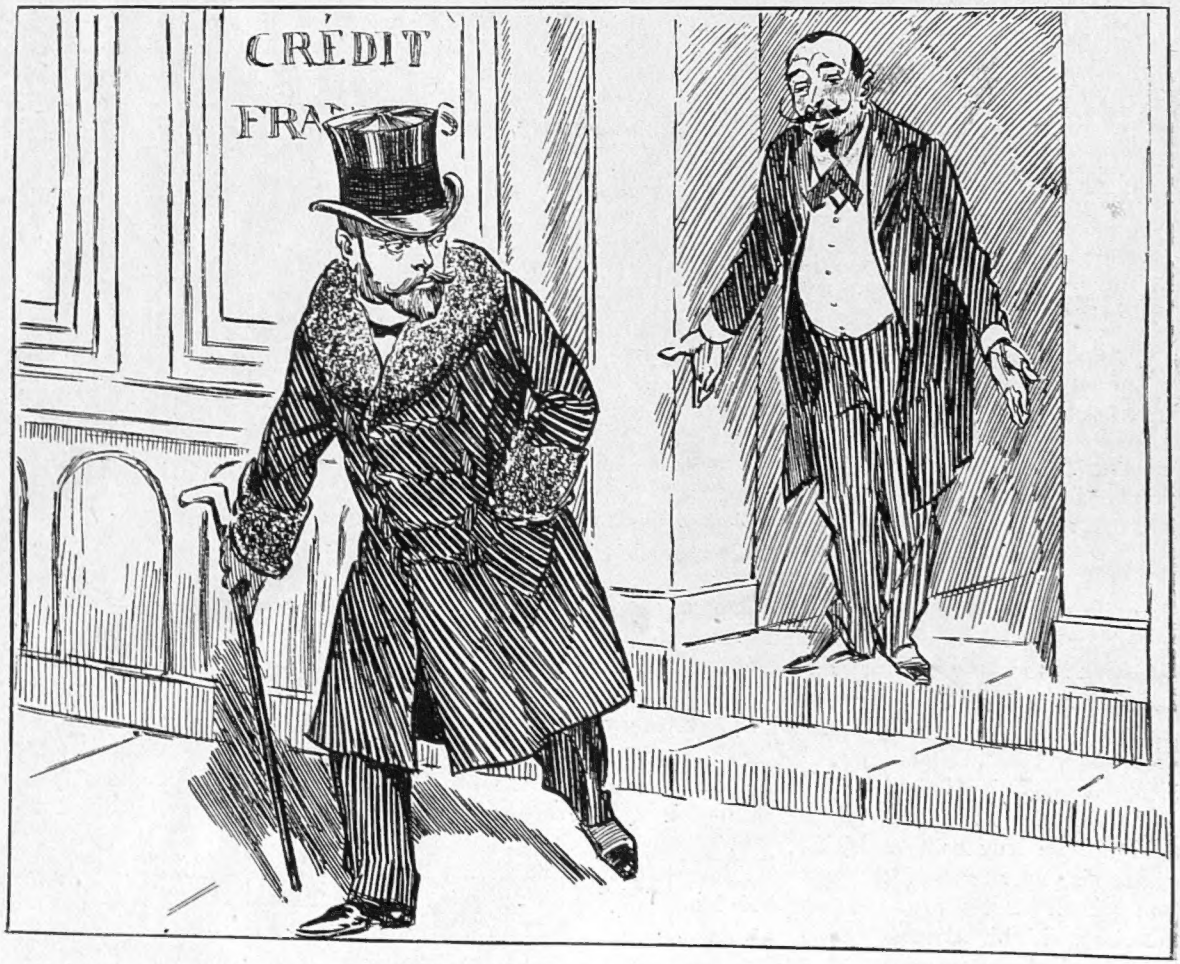
"Adventures Among Books." By Andrew Lang. (Longmans: 6s. 6d.)
"The Man in the Pulpit." By James Douglas. (Methuen: 2s. 6d.)
"Imperial Preferential Policy." By Charles Bright. (P. S. King: 1s.)
Methuen's New Standard Library. Edited by Sidney Lee:
Bacon's "Essays and The New Atlantis." (Paper, 6d.)
Austen's "Sense and Sensibility." (Paper, 6d.)
Shakespeare's "Tempest," "Two Gentlemen of Verona," "Merry Wives of Windsor," "Measure for Measure," and "Comedy of Errors." In one volume. (Cloth, 1s.)
"The Meditations of Marcus Aurelius." (Cloth, 1s.)
Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress." (Cloth, 1s.)
Gibbon's "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire." Part I. (Double volume, paper, 1s.)
"A Day at Dulwich." By A. H. Gilkes. (Longmans: 1s. net.)
"A Tale of Two Cities." By Charles Dickens. "The Beauties of Sterne." (The Cameo Classics: cloth, 6d. net each.)
"Monarch, the Big Bear of Tallic." By Ernest Thompson Seton. With 100 Illustrations. (Constable: 5s. net.)

THE WORLD'S PAGEANT.

London: Wednesday, March 22, 1905

We feel apologetic for having again to refer to the Russian crisis. Every week, for many months past, this journal, in common with most other observers who have followed the trend of affairs, has foreseen the inevitable defeat of the Russian arms. It has been clear, too, that the *armour propre* of the Russian Government would prompt it to continue the war so long as the necessary funds were forthcoming. But Russia has now arrived at the end of her tether. Her bankers refuse to recognise any further overdrafts, and with the spread of internal disorder, peace may come at any day, earlier, in fact, than people suspect.

The war has been the most sanguinary one on record. Considering the state of perfection, from a destructive point of view, which modern armaments have attained to, this may not seem very surprising. On the other hand, there has rarely, or never, been a war conducted on both sides with less bad feeling towards the enemy. There has been an entire absence of that national hatred which is usually engendered when two nations are at war. The Japanese have frequently fraternised with the enemy, and the Russian troops, as is well known, not only respect, but have learnt to have genuine regard for the "little yellow men." The carnage, terrible as it



"JE SUIS DESOLE MAIS——"

RUSSIA: "Bah! you call yourself my friend—my ally?"

FRANCE: "So I am, *mon ami*, but I am myself a "little father," and—I must think of my children"

is when we peruse the figures, has not been a lesson altogether wasted on the nations. The reaction from the vast armaments of the past is evident in all quarters. We have learnt to appreciate the blessings of peace, and a diminished expenditure on the part of the national exchequer. Business, we are thankful to say, is now giving every evidence of improvement, and, though no one is bold enough to predict a boom for the moment, as soon as the Russo-Japanese war is over, it will give a great fillip to industry.

* * *

Parliament has been sitting a month now, and, though he has had several narrow escapes, Mr. Balfour still survives. His luck has been very remarkable, for he ought to have been beaten more than once. If a section of the Liberals continue to preserve the ennui that has distinguished them so far, it is quite possible the end of the Session may see Mr. Balfour still in power. The latest policy of the Opposition is to refuse all pairs, on the ground that, when they are beaten, it makes little difference by how much or how little they are defeated; while, by refusing pairs now and again, they may be in bigger muster than the Ministerialists. Undoubtedly, if they could rely on a continued full attendance, the life of the Ministry would not be long continued. Every morning one looks at his paper to see if the promised débâcle has taken place. But threatened men live long, and, meanwhile, with his new application of the guillotine, which is calculated to prevent damaging discussions and also "snap" divisions, the device — unconstitutional and unprecedented as the Liberals allege it to be—may, nevertheless, by enabling Unionists to know when they are required to vote without having to be in constant attendance, again help the Prime Minister to steer his frail barque through the troubled waters.

* * *

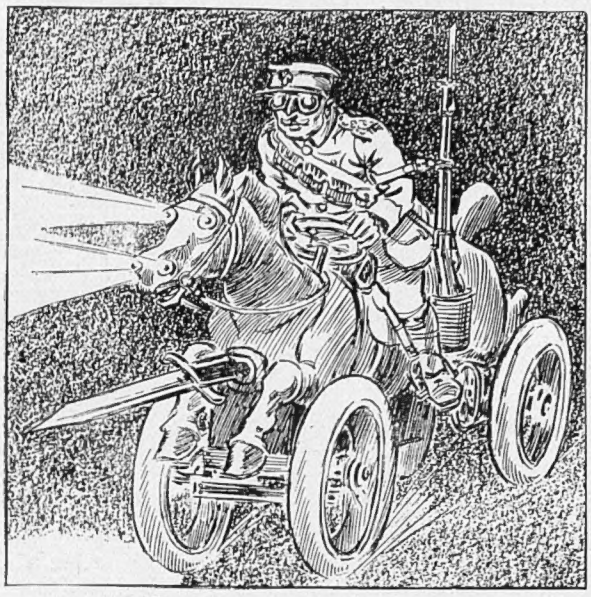
One of the most extraordinary romances of crime is now being unravelled in France. Quite by accident the police discovered a gang of burglars, whose ramifications eclipse the most fertile imagination, even of Edgar Allan Poe. This gang consists of about forty members, about half of whom are now in custody. Their system was marvellous, and the scene of their operations extended far beyond the frontiers of France. Their headquarters were in Paris, but their system of espionage knew none of the ordinary limits of the burglar. Having decided on a coup, scouts were sent out, and no stone left unturned to prevent the possibility of any clue being left. To discover if a house was empty, they would paste on the doors little strips of dark paper which passed unnoticed. If the strips, at the end of a certain period, were still intact, a telegram was sent to headquarters, and a sufficient number of respectable-looking men appeared on the scene and carried off the plunder. But their care did not end here: instead of taking the risk of being suspected by carrying large packages at night, they would sleep on the premises they had burgled, and leave quietly and unostentatiously in the morning.

* * *

Within quite a short period, this "Abbeville gang," as it is called, have, according to the indictments, stolen property for which they have received nearly

A Vanished Playhouse: A Bangor audience going to a matinee at Anglesey Castle

The theatre at Anglesey Castle, which was the chief hobby of the late Marquis, was formerly the Castle chapel



The Charge of the Petrol Brigade

(It has been stated that the War Office will be considerably embarrassed, in case of war, if motor 'buses become general. We are nothing if not inventive)

James (to the General): "Very sorry, sir, caviare is hoff'

(There is, report says, a caviare famine owing to the war)

fifty thousand pounds. The members of it belong to the educated working-class, most of them being compositors, cabinet-makers, locksmiths, painters, etc. Their leader—who though on his trial for the murder of a *gendarme*, preserves a *sang-froid* and betrays a pretty wit, which gains him the sympathy of many—is a youth of twenty-six, named Jacob. He hails from Marseilles, and is entirely responsible for the organisation and system of the gang. "The Forty Thieves" of the Arabian Nights' Entertainments becomes quite a prosaic company in comparison with this notorious band of ruffians. Fortunately, care and organisation are not the usual characteristics of the burglar, or it would be more difficult to lay him by the heels than is now the case.

* * *

Not only Grub Street, but the world at large, has been very interested in the newspaper duel among the evening journals. It has hitherto been a remarkable fact that, though morning papers can afford to sell for a halfpenny and yet keep up a vast and expensive machinery for news gathering, the evening press has not generally reached anything like so advanced a state of perfection. Mr. C. Arthur Pearson's amalgamation of the *Evening Standard* and the *St. James's Gazette* has produced a very interesting new paper. The *Evening News*, alive to the necessity of meeting the new competition, has doubled itself in size, while it still only costs the useful ha'penny. We wish Mr. Pearson every success in his new venture, for, though we always have our *Westminster Gazette* and our *Globe* to enjoy, another really well-informed and interesting evening journal will not come amiss, especially if it has a good foreign service.

Down to 21

"Dear me, that glass is very low. Does it mean a general break-up, or only a passing shower?"

'Give us two penn'oth of fizzy drink, please"

(Two little boys and two little girls were recently discovered camping out in Epping Forest. A quantity of seidlitz powders comprised the liquid part of the commissariat)

PEOPLE OF THE HOUR

Mr. Walter Long

An old Wiltshire family, which has attended to the affairs of its county for some five hundred years, is honoured by the promotion of Mr. Walter Hume Long, its head, from the Local Government Board to the Irish Chief-Secretaryship, in place of Mr. Wyndham. Last week somebody sent him, in memory of the old days when he was engaged in stamping out rabies, a wire muzzle of the type which caused so much wailing among the faithful creatures who wore it. That strong and successful measure is his principal act of statesmanship hitherto. Mr. Long is certainly a safe, if not a particularly strong, card to play after the Wyndham difficulty: he has the tastes and the temperament of the country gentleman, and no awkward opinions about his new work. His marriage with a daughter of the ninth Earl of Cork is believed to be the sum total of his Irish experience. He has been President of the Board of Agriculture, has sat in Parliament twenty-five years, and now represents South Bristol. He is fifty years old.

Photo by H. Walter Barnett

The Rt. Hon. Walter Long

The new Chief Secretary for Ireland, succeeding Mr. George Wyndham

The New Chairman of the County Council

The good work done by the London County Council in the past year, under the Chairmanship of Mr. J. Williams Benn, is to be kept up, since Mr. E. A. Cornwall has been elected to the Chair for the coming year. Entering the Council over thirteen years ago, long before it was at all a popular body, Mr. Cornwall has seen, with pleasurable pride, the Council's influence extend year by year, and has also seen its work more and more appreciated. At forty, Mr. Cornwall has established a record for hard work done quietly, which many blusterers might envy, and the Council's appreciation is shown by their electing him Chairman. We understand that the new Chairman is prospective Parliamentary Candidate for North-East Bethnal Green, the division he represents on the L.C.C.

Mr. Gerald Balfour

The experiment of making a Cambridge Don the President of the Board of Trade was worthy of the Prime Minister's ingenuity; and all things considered, Mr. Gerald Balfour, who is his chief's third brother, has been quite a success. After taking his first class in the Classical Tripos from Trinity, he became Assistant Tutor and Fellow of his College, and eight years later was elected to Parliament for Central Leeds, which he still represents. He began as private secretary to his brother, then at the Local Government Board, and was on the Royal Commission on Labour in 1891. His appointment as Chief Secretary for Ireland, in 1895, was a shock to everybody; but it turned out to be sound enough, and his Irish Local Government Act was a measure that will have a place in the history of the Irish National movement.

Photo by Kent and Stacey

Mr. Edwin A. Cornwall

The new Chairman of the London County Council

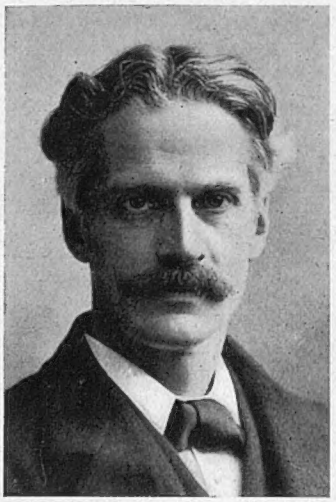


Photo by Lafayette

The R. Hon. Gerald Balfour

The Premier's brother, who succeeds Mr. Walter Long, as President of the Local Government Board

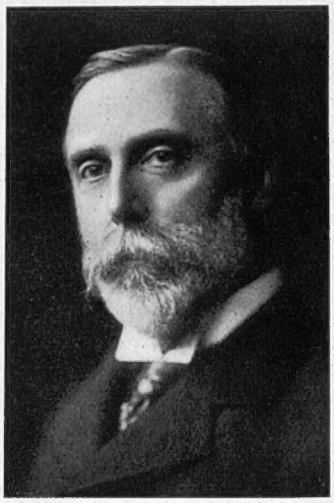


Photo by H. Walter Barnett

Sir M. de Bunsen

The new Engl sh Minister to Portugal

A Wonderful Stage Child

In 1900, he was transferred to the Board of Trade. He is, perhaps, the least public man in the Ministry, and one of the cleverest.

Our New Minister at Lisbon

Hereditary influence would seem to have played a part in the recent appointment of Sir Maurice de Bunsen to be Minister at Lisbon, as his grandfather, Baron de Bunsen, was Prussian Minister in London in the early years of Queen Victoria's reign. Baron de Bunsen was on more than friendly terms with both the Queen and the Prince Consort, by whom he was often consulted, so that his influence at Court, though exercised in a quiet, unobtrusive way, was none the less powerful. Sir Maurice de Bunsen, who was educated at Rugby and Christ Church, has lived in many of the pleasant places of the world. During the twenty-eight years he has been in the Diplomatic Service, he has served at Tokio, Siam, Constantinople, Washington, and Paris. With the cordial relations now existing between the English and Portuguese Royal Families, Lisbon should be a very pleasant place indeed for a British Ambassador.

Photo by *Histed*

Miss Ellen Terry

Who will shortly make her reappearance in London in a new Barrie play at the Duke of York's Theatre

The Return of Miss Ellen Terry

In the course of a few days, *Peter Pan*, who has been piping so merrily at the Duke of York's Theatre, will bid *au revoir* to London audiences until Christmas. The next production at the theatre will be the new Barrie play in which Miss Ellen Terry will make her reappearance in London, after an

Photo by *Lizzie Caswall Smith*

Miss Iris Hawkins, who has made such a success as the boy 'Mickey," in "Everybody's Secret," at the Haymarket

The Late Actor-Peer

Anglesey Castle

absence which was quite short, yet far too long for the majority of playgoers, who would like to have Miss Terry always with them. A leading actor once remarked that the most trying part of a première was the reception, which had occasionally the effect of driving all thoughts of the rôle he was playing to the four winds of heaven. A great ordeal awaits Miss Terry on her reappearance in the new play at the Duke of York's Theatre.

Miss "Mickey" Hawkins

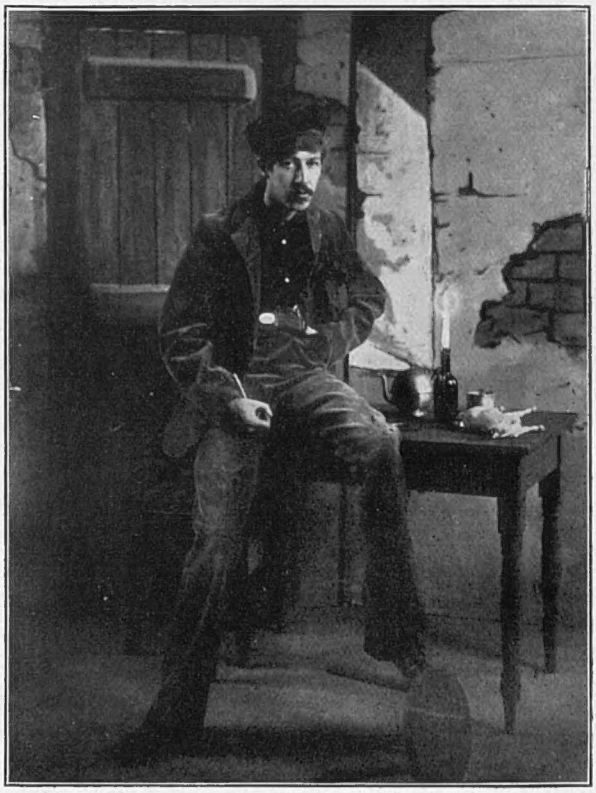
The stage child is very like the little girl whose curl has been sung by the poets. When they are good they are very, very good, and when they are bad they are horrid. The peripatetic playgoer can recall the endurance of many unhappy moments, at the hands of little Nells and little Evas, in companies which do not come under the heading "No. 1." Those who wish to see the very best stage child who has appeared in London, in recent years, should pay a visit to the Haymarket Theatre. Whatever be the merits or demerits of the sweet domestic comedy, *Everybody's Secret*, there is no denying the great personal triumph made by little Miss Iris Hawkins, who plays the boy "Mickey" with delightful charm and naturalness. For all the consciousness that Miss Hawkins takes of the audience, the "fourth wall" of the stage might be built of solid masonry. On the first night of the production, it was amusing to listen to the controversies which arose on every side as to whether I. Hawkins on the programme was a girl or a boy. Miss Hawkins will be remembered for her performance of "Little White Barbara" in the last Christmas play at the Garrick Theatre.

The Late Marquis of Anglesey

The early decease of Lord Anglesey, before attaining his thirtieth birthday, terminates one of the most remarkable careers among the aristocracy that this generation has known. He has been made the butt of innumerable sarcasms in the papers, when he really merited the pity of everyone: for his was the infinitely pathetic career of an irresponsible child, who was called upon to fill the dignified and important position of one of England's greatest territorial magnates.

Photos by

In his celebrated thousand-guinea fur coat



Wickens

In a character rôle in the play "Daily Life"

THE LATE MARQUIS OF ANGLESEY ON AND OFF THE STAGE

A Strange Caprice of Heredity

Photos by] **Lady Herbert** [*Lallie Charles*
Wife of Lord Herbert, eldest son of the Earl of Pembroke

Lady Ingestre
Wife of Viscount Ingestre, eldest son of the Earl of Shrewsbury

THE TWO SISTERS OF THE NEW MARQUIS OF ANGLESEY

His example will remain one of the strongest arguments against our hereditary system that the most ardent revolutionist could wish for From his grandfather, the first Marquis, a gallant cavalry leader, who lost a leg at Waterloo, to the young peer, whose great ambition was to be recognised as a talented

Photo by] **The drawing room at Anglesey Castle** [*Wickens*

Lord Anglesey Shuns Publicity

actor, was a terrible and significant fall. It was another case of the "sins of the fathers" being visited upon the children. Lord Anglesey was a physical weakling from birth; he was, however, by no means deficient in brains; and his love of acting, which amounted almost to a mania, is adequately explained by the fact that his mother was the sister of M. Coquelin. Of his bankruptcy and consequent retirement on an allowance of £2,000 a year—a sum of money he frequently would spend ten times over in a morning—so much has been written that we cannot supplement it. There is some melancholy satisfaction to find that the Marchioness was present with her husband during his last hours.

Of the new Marquis we cannot speak, as we know nothing about him. His two beautiful sisters, Lady Herbert, who married Lord Pembroke's eldest son last year, and Lady Ingestre, who married Lord Shrewsbury's eldest son at the same time, have allied the Pagets with blood equal to their own. The Marquis is only in his twentieth year. We should have been pleased to publish the new Lord Anglesey's photograph, but in reply to our modest request for information as to where we could obtain one, we are sorry to say that it was refused. The young peer may, however, reconcile himself to the fact that photography is a power he cannot evade, and if he refuses to let a responsible operator take a good picture of him, he will be the victim of the cruel amateur snapshotter.

Photo by *Bain*

A new portrait of Miss Alice Roosevelt

In the dress she wore at her father's inauguration

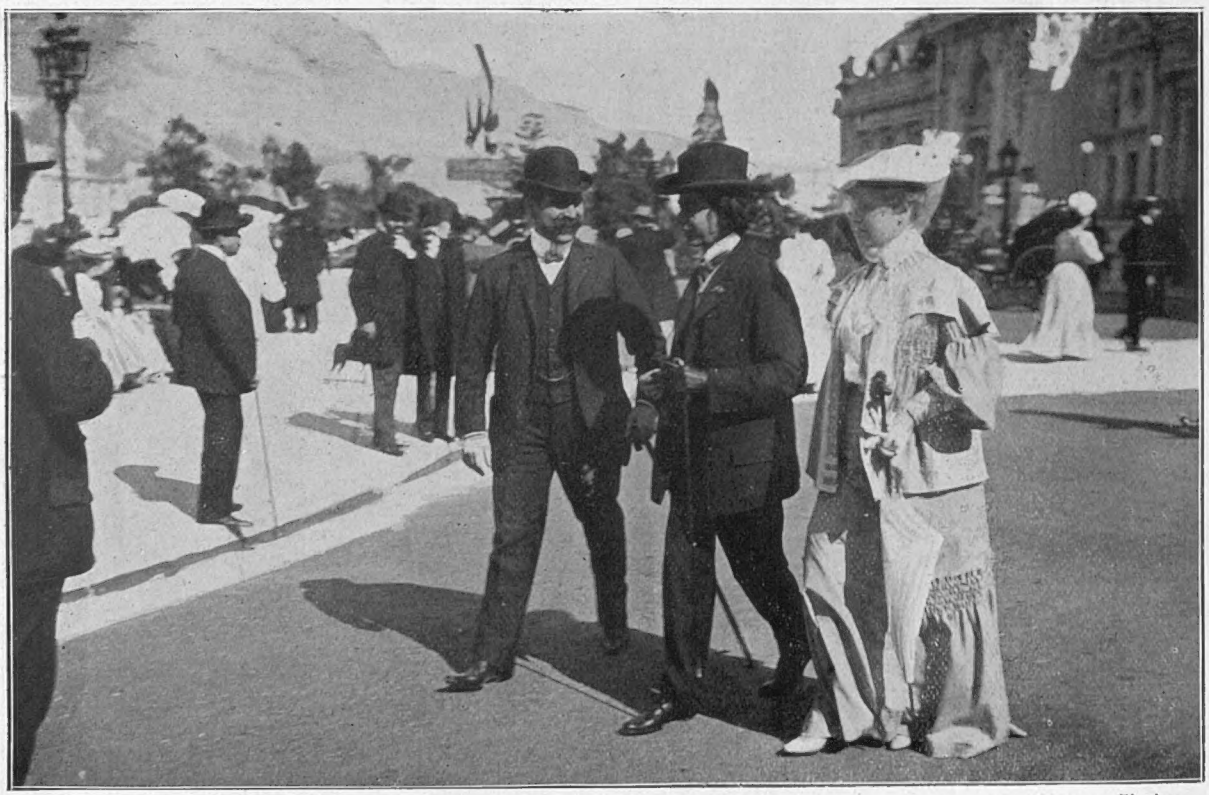


Photo by *Chusseau-Flaviens*

A snapshot of Herr Jan Kubelik and his wife (formerly Countess Czaky) outside the Casino, at Monte Carlo

A portrait of the great violinist's twin children appears in "Matters Musical," on page 640

The Latest Portrait of the Russian Royal Family

Photo by *Boissonnas and Eggler*

The Tsar and Tsaritsa and their Family: A portrait recently taken at Tsarskoe Selo

The names of the Tsar's little daughters, in order of age, are: Olga, Tatiana, Marie, and Anastasia. They bear the title Grand Duchess. The infant Tsarevitch Alexis is seen in his mother's lap

At the Haymarket Theatre

"EVERYBODY'S SECRET"

ILLUSTRATED BY NORMAN MORROW

Mr. Charles Bryant
Lieutenant Richard Parkes, "Mickey's" father

Miss Jessie Bateman
Nell, "Mickey's" mother

The modern British playwright is forced to keep a watchful eye on the dramatic inclinations of Edwin and Angelina. In his own mind, he may dream of presenting a psychological study of the complexities of life which will wring praise from Continental critics. From this dream he awakens to sing the gentle joys of wedded bliss; to write a play concerning the calm routine of a young husband, a pretty mother, and a golden-haired child. This style of play has been well done. At the Haymarket it is done better. Messrs. Robert Marshall and Louis N. Parker have turned out a model domestic drama. It is so perfect in every way that at once it becomes the standard work on the subject of domesticity. Henceforward, a piece in which appear a young husband, a pretty mother, and a golden-haired child, will be judged by its relation to *Everybody's Secret*. By this standard we shall be able to reckon the exact value, in future plays, of a husband's fond foolishness, a wife's devotion, and a child's prattle. Rarely has the magic of adaptation worked to such purpose. For this marvellous fabrication has been built upon an original (*Le Secret de Polichinelle*), which Paris correspondents to the London Press have not hesitated to describe as a *comédie rosse!*

"The Sweetly Cursory Nursery Days"

A nursery scene has ere now been utilised as light relief from the serious business of a play. After the villain has had his innings, there frequently follows a light comedy scene between child and old retainer, or child and indulgent gift-bearing friend of the family. Messrs. Robert Marshall and Louis N. Parker have, with fine cunning, reversed the process. Here, domesticity is the *pièce de résistance*, and a strong situation, the breaking up of a happy home, is developed in the first act merely for the purpose of throwing into a more golden light, the idyllic existence led by Lieutenant Richard Parkes, his wife, whom he discovered at a florist's, their picture-book child, and Darby and Joan, the child's grandparents. The first act gave promise of a comedy on normal lines. In an admirably written scene, the young lieutenant confesses to his father and mother that he has made a *mésalliance*. The grief of the old couple is expressed with those skilful touches which have so often characterised the work of Mr. Cyril Maude and Miss Carlotta Addison. This is a good beginning, from which much may be expected. But the authors have a surprise up their sleeves for the rash playgoer who attempts to speculate from premises.

"Mickey" and his Adorers

In the next act we are introduced to the young couple in their humble abode. The opening scene is admissible. The boy plays with his toys, while his devoted parents look on. There is a very unsuspicious looking armchair up stage. How could anyone foretell that, hidden in its depths, is the spare form of Sir Michael Parkes? When he is revealed, we are genuinely surprised. But his unexpected appearance on the scene is as nothing to the change in his demeanour. We left him a stern, unforgiving parent. He is now a doting grandfather, an honoured guest in the little *ménage*, who enters with zest into the task of making his grandchild's life a path of roses. From this moment the nursery dominates the situation. The boy becomes the central figure, and round him revolve a circle of doting admirers. Everybody is soon in the secret, and, after Sir Michael has enjoyed his allotted time, dear old Lady Parkes comes in.

Mr. Cyril Maude and Miss Iris Hawkins
"Mickey" is beloved by everyone in the play (and in the audience). His grandfather is one of his most sincere admirers.

The Apotheosis of the Child

The interest of the play is kept going throughout the act by the mild complication arising from

the fact that Sir Michael and his wife are not cognisant of each other's visits. They are such a perfectly delightful old couple, that little harm could have arisen if Sir Michael had been surprised by the entrance of his wife. In fact, this second act played precisely like a third act, and only the greatest ingenuity on the part of the dramatists delayed the *dénouement* for yet another act. The success of the piece was made by little Miss Iris Hawkins as the boy, Mickey. She was natural, lovable, and perfectly unaffected, with a laugh the music of which there was no withstanding. Small wonder that she won all hearts, whether behind or before the footlights. Such a play and such a rôle are a further confirmation of an opinion which has lately been freely expressed, viz., that the present time marks the apotheosis of the child. E. C. S.

The Stage Society

One of the most daring of all the experiments of the Stage Society has been the production of M. Brieux's *Les Trois Filles de M. Dupont*, admirably translated for the Society by Mr. St. John Hankin. The production having failed to win the approval of the censor, took the form of three performances at the King's Hall, Covent Garden, and a crowded audience followed the play on each occasion with intense interest; but whether such subjects as the one which M. Brieux has chosen form legitimate material for dramatic art, is a very open question. Personally, we think not; the result too much resembles a medical treatise sandwiched in between farcical relief; and this much is certain: that, even if the license be allowed, M. Brieux's method of handling the subject is not the right one. Of the three daughters of M. Dupont, one leads an irregular life in Paris, one tries to find consolation in religion, and the third marries, or rather is married, by the respective parents of the young couple. On her tragedy the play hinges. She, an idealist, finds herself married to a sensualist, and the final blow to her happiness comes, when she learns that her one ambition—to be a mother—is denied to her. In a great recriminatory scene, crude, powerful, and hideous, the young couple reveal themselves, and however true may be this castigation and exposure of an evil, one cannot but feel that in its wealth of intimate detail it is an outrage on decency. It only remains to be said that Miss Ethel Irving gave a wonderful study of the young wife, that Mr. France was excellent as the husband, and that Mr. Clarence gave a clever picture of the girl's selfish, heartless father, while smaller parts were satisfactorily filled by Miss Gertrude Burnett and Miss Italia Conti.

Miss Helen Ferrers
Mrs. Mellor, "Mickey's" aunt

Mr. Edmund Maurice
As the bluff Captain Pierrepont, R.N., "Mickey's" uncle

Shakespeare at the Shaftesbury

It is quite in the order of things that while Bernard Shaw is enjoying a boom, his rival, with whom, according to himself, he offers so many points of comparison — Shakespeare — should also be exploited. For some time now three Shakespearean plays have been enjoying a prosperous run at West End theatres. On April 10, yet another play will be added to this list, viz., *Othello*, which is being produced at the Shaftesbury Theatre by a young actress, Miss Tita Brand. Such a bid for fame betokens no little enterprise, and one is not at all inclined to conjure up the bogey of the quotation concerning vaulting ambition. The top of the ladder is only reached by a succession of leaps. Miss Brand, who will, of course, play Desdemona, is the daughter of Mme. Marie Brema, the well-known prima donna. She is not well known to London playgoers, but a few may recall her performance of Knowledge in *Everyman*.

Where Shall We Go To-night?

"The Bystander" Theatre Guide

His Majesty's Theatre: *Much Ado About Nothing.*—Go and see it without more ado.

Imperial Theatre: *King Henry V.*—An excellent cast.

Adelphi Theatre: *The Taming of the Shrew.*—The bard is booming these days.

St. James's Theatre: *Mollentrave on Women.*—Go and learn wisdom from the only man who ever understood woman.

Haymarket Theatre, 8.15: *A Case of Arson.*—Henry de Vries in his masterly series of seven representations. 9.15: *Everybody's Secret.*—See above.

Criterion Theatre, 9: *Freedom of Suzanne.*—Marie Tempest can trundle a play in front of her. Often the play carries the actress.

New Theatre, 8.15: *The Scarlet Pimpernel.*—Julia Neilson and Fred Terry have a happy knack of finding picturesque melodramas to suit them.

Garrick Theatre, 8.30: *Walls of Jericho.*—Bourchier's curse as thrilling as ever.

Duke of York's Theatre, 2.30 and 8.30: *Peter Pan.*—Will soon say *au revoir* till next December.

Apollo Theatre, 8.15: *Veronique.*—Passed the 300-night mark. Good omen for light opera in the future.

Strand Theatre, 8.30: *Off the Rank.*—Willie Edouin's fun leaves one breathless with laughter.

Vaudeville Theatre, 8.15: *The Catch of the Season.*—Seymour Hicks sets the pace. Camille Clifford does the "Gibson walk."

Prince of Wales' Theatre, 8.15: *Lady Madcap.*—G. P. Huntley in the piece.

Lyric Theatre, 8.15: *The Talk of the Town.*—There are other topics of conversation.

Gaiety Theatre, 8: *The Orchid.*—Still in bloom.

At the Baby Show

SO LIKE MEN

MOTHER *(breathless with excitement)*: "Bob, they say our Marmaduke George has taken the first prize"

BOB: "Which *IS* our baby?"

Random Jottings

The Real Redistribution

At the beginning of the Session there was a good deal of talk about Redistribution. The word was supposed to indicate some scheme for the rearrangement of Parliamentary seats. This was a mistake. What Mr. Balfour clearly had in mind was a rearrangement of Cabinet Ministers. And, with characteristic ingenuity, rearranged, Cabinet Ministers have been.

Will Civil Servants Strike?

It is all very well. The nation does not mind, of course. But what about our Civil Servants? Is this hard-worked body of men to be engaged perpetually in initiating some new chief into the elements of his office-work? Door-keepers are already complaining of the difficulty of remembering which gentleman it is at whose coming they ought not to seem asleep.

A Reformer Indeed

Mr. Arnold-Forster may be the next Minister to retire. The critics say so. But in the meanwhile he has conferred an inestimable boon upon "cavalrymen who so increase in size and weight as to render them unsuitable for mounted duties on active service." For he has decided that "such men shall in future, provided they are of good character, be utilised for remount work." Stout men of bad character will presumably be transferred to infantry regiments, there to work off the too, too solid flesh. Generations of fat but virtuous cavalrymen will bless the name of Mr. Arnold-Forster. So will all reasoning horses.

"Beg pardon, sir, but is Smith and me fat enough for the remounts yet?"

The War Office has decided that cavalrymen, whose size and weight render them unsuitable for mounted duties on active service be utilised for remount work

Armageddon and the 'Bus Proprietor

Nobody really knows what will take place in our next great war. The 'bus proprietors say it will not be their fault if the War Office finds itself in difficulties. They—the 'bus proprietors—are not going to supply things for which the War Office has not paid. This does not mean, of course, that the War Office proposes, and the 'bus proprietors refuse, to transport armies of the future to the scene of battle in omnibuses.

Petrol and Patriotism

Such a proposal would be inconceivable, even for the War Office. No, the point is that the military authorities intend to reduce the registration fee they have hitherto paid for the privilege of being able to commandeer omnibus horses (used for artillery transport) in time of need. This is calculated to drive the 'bus proprietor to thoughts of the comparative advantage of the motor over the horse. Horses may be given up entirely for petrol. A painful thought for the military authorities, no doubt. But ought our Imperial fortunes to rest upon the lap of the 'bus proprietor?

Sacrificed to Art

Artistic effect—says the *Westminster Gazette*—is being studied with the new buildings at the Zoological Gardens. "The sea-lions' pond will be picturesquely laid out, and their dens, or sleeping places, artfully hidden under immense boulders." Sea-lions are such intelligent beasts, however, that, perhaps, there is no danger of their not being able to find them.

Amalgamations

Those who think that there are too many newspapers in the world will have been favourably impressed by the new departure in journalism which has resulted in the amalgamation of two evening journals. It is not believed, however, that the success of this venture will lead to an amalgamation of the *Sporting Life* and *Daily News*, of the *Times* and *Chatterbox*, or of the *Spectator* and *Horner's Penny Weekly*.

A Lesson from Germany

After all, we have much to learn from Germany. A patent medicine vendor—says a contemporary—is not permitted to advertise the disease his wares are intended to cure in Germany. How different from this country, where a patent medicine vendor is permitted to advertise the disease his wares are not intended to cure.

A Publisher's Mistake

So particular are the Germans, indeed, on the subject of advertisement, that a publisher has recently been fined for what is called "bombastic"

advertising. The nature of his guilt was not made clear to the culprit by the authorities, although he requested an explanation; but it is thought that he had unwittingly trespassed upon the Imperial prerogative.

Bad Logic

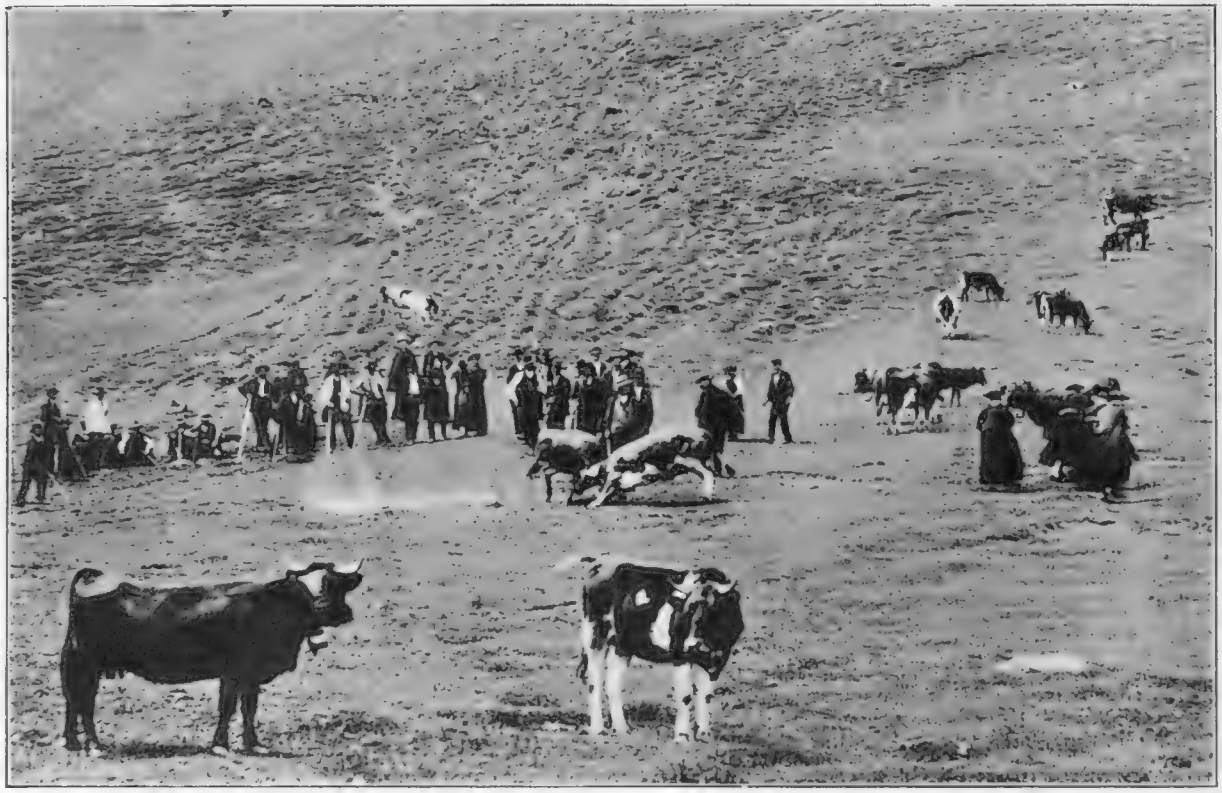
It seems as though logic were the one study in which Americans require to perfect themselves. Then, instead of establishing a school for the child-wives of Chicago, they would establish a Reformatory for the child-wives' husbands. President Roosevelt, too, would refrain from re-establishing a postman in a position (from which he had been dismissed) merely on the ground that he had a family of fifteen. If a man has been dismissed, presumably for incompetency, from the office of delivering letters, having a family of fifteen does not turn him once again into a good postman. On the contrary, we have only to press the matter a step farther to see it. Would the President make a man with a family of twenty Postmaster-General? We doubt it.

The Question of Parcels' Delivery

What do Londoners do with parcels, if they want them conveyed fairly quickly from one part of the City to another? The question is prompted by seeing that the District Company has given notice that no more parcels will be carried in their trains unless accompanied by passengers. That is to say, one has to take one's own parcel. And this is about what it comes to in most cases.

The Waste of Avoirdupois

There are, to be sure, Messenger offices within a few miles' drive of the ordinary Londoner, and there is a Parcels Post, and a few passing vans. Otherwise, nothing, so far as we know; and certainly none of these methods of sending a parcel can be called swift. On the other hand, that one should, at this date of civilisation, have to carry one's own parcel across the most civilised city in the world, seems absurd. Why, when one wants half a pound to reach some place, should twelve stone be bound to accompany it? What do less civilised cities do? The Berliners do not run about in this manner with their parcels. Perhaps it would do them good, if they had to. But most Londoners are thin and worn enough already.



A Bull Fight in the Swiss Alps: No charge for admittance

At this time of year some very spirited battles take pla e between the bulls among the magnificent herds that graze on the green slopes of the Alpine ranges. Whenever these contests take place, the entire inhabitants of the district assemble. A bull fight provides a very fine spectacle, the ferocity and the spirit displayed between the combatants proving their splendid courage. The defeated animal frequently fights to the last gasp

The All-round Man

The man who devotes himself to a single subject nowadays is lost. This is borne in upon us by the announcement that Mr. James Corbett, of prize-fighting fame, is to produce a dramatisation of Mr. Bernard Shaw's novel, "Cashel Byron's Profession." There is nothing for dramatic critics to do but to take lessons in prize-fighting. Then they can be as critical as they please.

VENICE: THE QUEEN OF THE ADRIATIC

(Venice at the present moment is attracting large numbers of visitors, and the world-famous Piazza of St. Mark, on which, during the winter, hardly anything is heard but the sweet softness of the Italian tongue, is now noisy with the clatter of the harsher northern languages, a sure sign that Venice is awakened once more from its winter lethargy)

Grand Canal and Church of S. Maria della Salute

The *Salute*, owing to its magnificent situation in the centre of the great Venetian waterway—the Grand Canal—has been a favourite subject with artists, and possessed a great attraction for Whistler. It was commenced in 1631, and was a votive offering from the Venetians on their deliverance from the great plague which visited Venice in 1630, and carried off over 100,000 people

Photos by] **Church of San Giorgio Maggiore, seen from the Colonnade of the Palace of the Doges** [*Wyndham*

This church is much resorted to by visitors, owing to the magnificent view obtainable from its Campanile, which is well reproduced in our illustration. It contains some notable works of art, and was once the repository of the famous Veronese picture of "The Marriage at Cana," now in the Louvre. The Palace of the Doges, from which our photograph was taken, is in a very weak state, owing to the undermining action of the water upon its foundations

THE RIALTO BRIDGE ON THE GRAND CANAL, VENICE

Rialto is the old name of Venice, which was so called from "Rivo Alto" (the high bank), the place where the early inhabitants determined to fix their seat of Government. In former days, the district by the Rialto Bridge was the business portion of the city, and near here lived Enrico Dandolo, the famous Doge who conquered Constantinople, and made Venice the dominant power in the Levant. The bridge has on it figures of St. Theodore and St. Mark, the patron Saints of the city, and in the height of the season the Canal here is thronged with tourist-laden gondolas

The Railway Station: No cabs necessary

Venice covers more than seventy-two islets, or, rather, mud-banks, its foundations resting, in many cases, on wooden piles. The Grand Canal, two miles long, the main thoroughfare, has 146 lesser canals flowing into it

Rebuilding the Campanile of St. Mark's

The collapse of the Campanile of St. Mark's, a year or so back, caused universal consternation, as it was of great antiquity, and much interest is being shown by visitors in the restoration which is now being carried out

Photos by *Wyndham*

Piazza of St. Mark, with Sunday flags flying

Tradition says that when the Veneti were expelled from the mainland by the Goths and Lombards, they formed the nucleus of their new habitation on the site now occupied by St. Mark's Cathedral. For this reason, and also because St. Mark, the tutelary Saint of the city, is buried there, St. Mark's, and everything connected with it (even to the hundreds of pigeons which throng the Piazza), are objects of special veneration to the Venetians

Berlin's Fat Men: A Scientific View

The German mind is eminently scientific. Everything in life is reduced to a system, nothing is left to impulse. If you would study philosophy, you must know German; in short, if you would know anything solely from the standpoint of cold, hard reason, you must do so by way of German methods. We make these few remarks, not in order to impart anything new to our readers, but simply to explain why, with all the gravity in the world, a Congress of Scientists has met at Berlin to consider the question of obesity. It may also help to explain why not a smile lights up the faces of any of the fat men of our illustrations as they calmly and imperturbably allow themselves to be measured, in order to assist the work of the Congress. These men did not laugh themselves into fatness, judging from their stolid solemnity, and one wonders what part the German *trinkhaus* has played in their abnormal developments. But this is anticipating the objects of the Congress, and when so much scientific gravity is at stake, flippancy, however truthful, is not becoming. In order to induce very stout men to allow themselves to come forward and be examined, three prizes were offered. Herr Schmidt carried off the first prize with an imposing girth of 4 ft. 8 in. and a weight of 380 lbs. As second came Herr Belthusen, with his waistband of 4 ft. 4 in. The third, and thinnest of the three not ungraceful forms, was Herr Arnold Schultz, who, whatever his proportions, when considered amongst ordinary mortals, could only take third prize in this case for his delicate circumference of 4 ft. 2 in. It is said that his "slimness" was the envy of the other two prizewinners.

The Prizewinners in the Berlin Fat Men Competition

Herr Schmidt wins the first prize with a girth of 4 ft. 8 in.

MR. BIFF'S TRAVELS WITH A GUIDE-BOOK

PICTURED IN WEEKLY CHAPTERS BY LAWSON WOOD

Chapter V.—MOROCCO

"But, my good man, the Guide-Book explicitly states that visitors MAY see the harem"

CONCERNING MR. JOHN HARE

(NO. 68 OF THE SERIES)

It is quite characteristic of Mr. John Hare that the information about himself which he has contributed to that absorbing book, "Who's Who," amounts to rather less than five lines, while the facts supplied by other actor-managers of half his experience and a tithe of his fame, run into from five to seven times as much. Self-advertisement is not in him. He is quieter in life than most of the actors one knows could be if they were dead.

But the story of his life is not hidden from the omniscience of THE BYSTANDER. We may hurry over the preliminaries, saying that he was born in London sixty years ago, was a pupil of the late Mr. Leigh Murray, first appeared in public at Liverpool, when he was about nineteen, and had early struggles. It does not appear, however, that they were very violent or of any long duration; because by the time he was of age he was playing his first part in London, in the company managed by that gifted lady who was to become Lady Bancroft. Either the struggles, or the natural modesty already mentioned, had made Mr. Hare disinclined to haggle about the terms of his engagement. He expressed himself, in a letter to the manageress, as quite prepared "to do anything he was told, play any part that was offered him, and be grateful for any salary he could get." It is recorded that he entered that historic playhouse, the old Prince of Wales', in the assurance of the dazzling salary of two pounds a week.

He was not long in getting into his stride. Almost the first of his parts was that of Lord Ptarmigant in Robertson's *Society;* and his rendering of that feeble old gentleman's personality—not forgetting his make-up—immediately took the town. Thenceforward he was one of the leaders of Robertsonian comedy under the Bancroft dynasty. His career was begun, and, thanks to cleverness, force of character and industry, it knew no serious check from that time.

Lords have always been a very strong point with Mr. Hare. It seems to have been recognised from the first that, when he had to represent a gentleman, he was not under the necessity of creating an illusion in the public mind. He had the style, and it has been a fortune to him. Between that first Lord of his that made his name, forty years ago, and the last rôle in which London saw him, the Lord in "Little Mary," Mr. Hare has sounded the whole gamut of European aristocracy. Prince Perovski, the Hon. Bruce Fanquehere, Sir Peter Teazle, Sir John Vesey, Lord Kilclare, Baron Croodle, the Duke of St. Olpherts, and—of course—the Gay Lord Quex: these are some of the parts in which Mr. Hare's natural talent for looking like a gentleman has been of service to him.

All the same, he has had his plebeian triumphs. His Sam Gerridge was redolent of "the inhabitants of the Borough Road"; and so, many years later, was his Eccles. But it was to the great and never-sufficiently-to-be-flattered Middle Class that he turned for the most famous of all his creations: Benjamin Goldfinch in "A Pair of Spectacles": a character which won for him quantities of money, the plaudits of the English-speaking world, and a peculiar cigar-box, the actor's most cherished possession, from King Edward.

It is thirty years since Mr. Hare became a manager; and now he announces his intention of retiring. The good wishes of many thousands of playgoers go with him, and the regard of a host of friends that his fine courtesy and charm of manner have made for him everywhere.

Lines to a Vain-Glorious Young Man

My boy, 'tis good of you to talk to me
With pleasant smile and easy condescension.
I came into the world too soon, I see—
Though 'twas not my intention.

When you were non-existent I was here:
If 'twas my fault, I beg you to forgive me;
But you may be revenged, it will appear,
Because you may outlive me.

You clearly came just in the nick of time
For knowing all things and proclaiming proudly.
Esteem it my misfortune, not my crime,
That I should know less loudly.

You check me when I state a thing or two
On which I thought I could not be mistaken—
So that I doubt the little that I knew,
And feel severely shaken.

You set me right when I attempt to speak;
You interrupt and flatly contradict me.
Teach me, my lad, to turn the other cheek,
And smile when you convict me.

I really once was taught a little, lad,
And read a thousand books ere you were heard of,
And studied matters that I should be glad
To give you word of.

But 'tis vain-glorious and empty pride;
I learn too late that wisdom came when you did;
Convinced, I lay my treasured lore aside,
And own I was deluded.

I try to take it kindly, but I can't;
It is the worst correction I have tasted.
The years I spent when you were non-extant
Were all so plainly wasted.

Mr. John Hare

The Whimsicalities of W. Heath Robinson

BEAUTY AND THE LYRIC STAGE

Photo by] **Miss Olive Morrell** [*Johnston and Hoffmann*

Whose song, "My Little Laplander," in *The Talk of the Town*, at the Lyric Theatre, is one of the most popular airs of the moment

SUPPLEMENT TO THE BYSTANDER

BEAUTY AND THE LYRIC STAGE

Photo by *Ellis and Walery*

Miss Morris Clark

As one of the renowned "Gibson girls" in *The Catch of the Season* at the Vaudeville Theatre

BEAUTY AND THE LYRIC STAGE

Photo by *W. and D. Downey*

Miss Gabrielle Ray

The latest dancer to carry on the traditions of the Gaiety Theatre. It is said that Miss Ray's photograph on picture postcards sells far more than that of any other stage beauty, not even Marie Studholme excepted

OUR SHORT STORY

"THE ENGAGEMENT IS ANNOUNCED—"

By HAROLD MUIR

Marcus Jocelyn is a selfish and worldly old ruffian. There is nothing he enjoys more than to ridicule and poke fun at the misfortunes of others. There are others like him. Anthony Colquhoun is his nephew and his ward, but you may be sure that he was not spending his week-ends with some frequency at Clinton Meadows for the privilege of enjoying the companionship of his uncle.

"Tony," said the lady, "you must speak to papa, to-night."

"But what can I say? He will rend me in ribbons. He is rich. He knows I am poor, and he will repeat, with gusto, the formula that he is not going to pay any man to keep his daughter. Then what shall we do?"

"It is now or never, dear. He has made a good 'deal' on the Stock Exchange. He admires your literary qualities——"

"Stop!" cried Colquhoun. "I have an idea. I will put it to him in disguise."

And this was how it came about.

. . . . . .

Dinner was over. The ladies had retired, and the gentlemen, in the old-fashioned way, were sipping their port. Marcus Jocelyn was very suave, but very ironical. He fed his nephew well, lodged him sumptuously, and intended to take it out with interest in secret entertainment. In fact, he only tolerated his nephew because he amused him.

"Anthony," said his uncle, "you are an idle dog, who does nothing for his living. I despair of you. Look at me. I work, I slave. Do you think I should be the man of solid parts that I am, had I given up my younger years to riotous living and a disregard of the future? Why do you not settle down and learn to be serious?"

"You misjudge me, uncle," replied Anthony. "I do, indeed, endeavour to emulate your example. But there are ways of becoming successful without embarking on a commercial career. Commerce, frankly, is not to my taste. But in another direction I am destined to shine."

"In what direction? As a criminal?"

"In the pursuit of a wealthy wife."

"Hey?" said old Jocelyn, with a sneer, "what the devil do you mean?"

"I have made this matter my especial study," said his nephew gravely, "and I have discovered that it has potentialities and possibilities which few men have recognised. May I trouble you for the decanter, sir? . . . Thank you."

Old Jocelyn lighted a cigar, and leaned back in his chair. The idea of his penniless nephew trying to marry a wealthy woman amused and did not displease him. Why should it?

"Go on" he said, "tell me all about it. Who was the woman fool enough to carry on with you?"

"I had mastered," said Anthony, "the first principles towards success in this direction. My first visit was to my tailor, who entered into the sporting notion of the thing. The logic of my argument, that it was better to chance having his entire bill paid by giving me an outfit of the latest in fashionable clothes rather than the certainty of never having his bill paid, convinced him. My shirtmaker and my jeweller were equally alive to the situation. I was frank with them, even brutal, but they proved the maxim that no man is above being unscrupulous if his pocket is touched."

"Delightful!" chuckled the old uncle; "I see you are not quite such a fool as I took you for. You have, Anthony, all the instincts of a great criminal. But pardon my interruption."

"Having finally visited a Jew, and raised some ready money, I felt myself equipped for the fray. The next thing was to select the scene of operations, and to find my quarry. I descended, therefore, on a certain expensive hotel at a fashionable resort. There were few men there, which was what I anticipated. It was, however, packed with women, many of them young and charming, and all rich. I looked interesting, I was well dressed, my looks were (excuse my seeming vanity) eminently pleasing. I had only to dangle the bait wherever I chose, and I assure you the fish was hooked."

Uncle Marcus was delighted. "Ha, ha," he roared. "You young dog."

"But, though it looked like plain sailing, I made a slip. There were two charming and beautiful young women there. I made inquiries. Both were rich. Both fell violently in love with me. But in a weak moment I also grew sentimental. In a word, I fell in love with them. So much in love with them that I did not know which I loved best, and could not endure the thought of giving up the other. Their names you will pardon me if I do not mention at this moment. It will suffice if I call the angel with the damask cheeks and golden hair, which glinted in the sun's rays like golden sparks—if I say I call her Letty. The other, with fine ebony hair, black eyes, I will describe as Betty. These were not their names, but no matter."

"Your descriptions are banal," said old Jocelyn, "so do not waste time over them."

"Very well," replied Anthony, "if you've no soul for the poetry of beautiful women, I will not bore you. I used to take these girls out on the promenade, and whisper sweet nothings into their ears, with this difference. Letty was much harder to move than Betty, but when I said something sparkling and witty, she showed the most appreciation. I used to practise my latest *jeu d'esprit*, therefore, on Betty, and, if it hit the mark, repeated it on Letty. Such is the horrid cynicism of the world, that the general belief was that I was trifling with the girls,

(All rights reserved. Copyright by the Author in U.S.A.

"You know her father. He is a very successful business man." "The devil I do! Who is it?"

DRAWN BY SYDNEY SEYMOUR LUCAS

and that they were trifling equally with me. In other words, that we were all flirting outrageously. But the truth is, I was seriously in love with both of them. Ah, you laugh! You do not believe that a man may love, truly and absolutely, two women. I assure you that you are mistaken. If I was with Letty I admired the gold in her beautiful hair, I adored the azure in her eyes, I listened with rapture to the soft inflection of her voice. If it was Betty, I would want to fondle the jet-black silk of her hair, to gaze into the depths of her olive-brown eyes, and to lose myself in raptures before her lovely lily-white throat. . . . I was in a dilemma. For the first and only time in my existence, I realised at last what true love meant, but I did not know before which one of the two I should lay my life and accept her fortune. Indeed, a dreadful thought took possession of me. Perhaps my affection would only last while it was undivided. If one of the two Graces were to accept me as husband, in the same way as the other twin often dies when the one has passed away, it was possible the love I had for both might wither and die when I had to concentrate it upon one. I assure you, sir, I was distracted.

"You will, no doubt, say that my situation should have precluded any considerations than those based on a mercenary footing. I admit it. But I was puzzled. However, at this juncture, fate decided for me. Another man came to the hotel. He could not attempt to compete with me in appearance, nor had he polished manners. He had not looked up apt quotations which he could quote on any given occasion. He had not practised those little tricks of manner, such as lowering the voice in a tense, passionate breathing of eternal devotion, which almost invariably succeeds — though it is an old trick. In fact, he had no attainments at all, but he was said to be very wealthy. Imagine my surprise, therefore, to find that Betty fell as violently in love with this man as she had previously been with me. I lamented far less her inconstancy than her lack of good taste. But truth will out! I found that I had been deceived. Betty was as poor as I am, and was looking for a rich husband. I believe she is married to the man now, but I do not care what has happened to her. She has gone out of my life.

"Letty was left. And I experienced a revulsion of feeling. The scales had fallen from my eyes, my temporary madness had passed. It was Letty I had loved, passionately, devotedly, for a week.

"I will not weary you with a description of my proposal. It was done in style. I rehearsed it previously in my bedroom, wore a new suit for the occasion, acted my part to perfection, and held my future bride in my arms. Her mother, for whose health they were staying at the resort, spent her time as ladies of past middle age usually do. That is to say, she ate and slept, and, between whiles, wrote long epistles to her husband and her many relations. We were left alone and unmolested. Having obtained a special license we came out of church without anyone being any the wiser, and though for the moment Letty is living in the bosom of her family, she only awaits my summoning sufficient courage to brave her severe papa."

. . . . . .

Old Jocelyn was immensely entertained, though slightly puzzled.

"Do you really mean to tell me," he said, "that this story is true?"

"I confess I have, in a sense, been acting a part," returned Anthony. "There is a flavour of cynicism in it which I thought you would relish, but the gist of the story is perfectly accurate."

"Well, you seem to have done very well for yourself. Shake hands, my boy. You say the girl's father is wealthy?"

"As wealthy as yourself, sir. But I fear that when he learns the truth he will disown his daughter. I am given to understand that he is a very severe man."

"Tut, tut. Why should he? He will be pretty angry, of course; but, after all, you belong to a very good family, and you have expectations."

"I'm glad you put it that way, uncle. It is certainly reassuring."

"You bluff it out. Tell him that what's done can't be undone. I expect he will see the wisdom of making the best of it. It pays no man to wash his dirty linen in public."

"Thank you," said Anthony. He rose from his chair. "Your words are very cheering."

"What a little minx the girl is," chuckled old Jocelyn. "You must bring her to see us, my boy. How tickled your aunt will be."

"You think she will?" responded Anthony: he looked rather anxious about it. "Well, I'm glad you are so nice about it. But you always were sporting. I'll take your advice about tackling her father. By the way, I have not told you who she is. You know her father. He is a very successful business man."

"The devil I do! Who is it?"

Anthony drained his glass; his hand was trembling ever so slightly.

"Your daughter," he said, with a catch in his throat.

HAROLD MUIR.

The Millennium?

[*The Rev. Samuel Chadwick, the Superintendent of the Wesleyan Central Mission in Leeds, has dedicated a book to his mother-in-law.*]

We must thank you, Reverend Sir, for this beginning,
For you're the first to recognise the worth
Of a lady who's more sinned against than sinning;
And hitherto a subject for our mirth.

And although, of course, I do not grudge to mothers-
In-law the noble effort you have made,
We must *not* forget that there are many others
To whom a like attention should be paid.

Some day, perhaps, we'll see an English Rector
(Although this *does* seem just a little grim),
Do honour to the Income-Tax Collector
By dedicating all his works to him.

Stoessel, too, whose book, no doubt, is *in futura*,
Might dedicate it to his gallant foes
(Though "To TOGO" would look well, "To KAMIMURA"
Is better—there are not so many "O's").

There is *one* man who will never have the honour
Of dedication (not until he's dead),
That's the man who starts at night to play upon a
Pianola when his neighbours are in bed!

THE EARLY CUCKOO

Mr. Churton Collins is editing, for the Oxford University Press, two volumes of the Plays and Poems of Robert Greene, who was born a few years before Shakespeare, and helped to lay the foundations of the English drama. Apart from their value to students of dramatic history, Greene's plays are not of much account, but some of the sweetest pastoral songs in our language are scattered through his romances. For these alone he is worth reviving. Shakespeare drew his idea for the plot of "The Winter's Tale" from one of Greene's novels; and this, after Greene had described him, in a posthumous pamphlet, as "an upstart crow beautified with our feathers"—one of the few authentic contemporary references to Shakespeare.

Greene sounded the praise of virtue in his writings, but, like many another author, he rarely practised what he preached. If we are to believe his "Repentance," written just before his death, and published at his last request, he spent his short life—or the best part of it—in extremely riotous living, and died in miserable poverty. His only friends at the end, were the shoemaker and his wife, with whom he lodged and to whom he owed ten pounds. On the day before his death he wrote these lines to the wife whom he had deserted six years before—this, too, after spending all her marriage portion: "Doll, I charge thee by the love of our youth and by my soule's rest, that thou wilt see this man paide, for if he and his wife had not succoured me I had died in the streetes." Greene died in 1592, and, at his own request, his hostess, true to the last, crowned his dead body with a garland of bays.

Sir John Furley, who celebrated his sixty-ninth birthday last Sunday, has written a book of reminiscences which Messrs. Smith, Elder, will shortly publish under the title, *In Peace and War*. The main interest of the work lies in the personal experience of the author in no fewer than six campaigns of various magnitude and character, covering a period of forty years, and including the Schleswig-Holstein, the Franco-German, the Carlist, the Russo-Turkish, and the Boer campaigns. Sir John Furley was also a spectator, from both sides, of the three months' fighting during the Paris Commune. The intervals are filled in with the history of the British Red Cross Society, which he represented in three of these wars, and of the St. John Ambulance Corporation, of which he was one of the founders. The opening chapter will have a special interest for old volunteers.

Books to Order

GENERAL LITERATURE

Adventures Among Books. By Andrew Lang. (Longmans: 6*s.* 6*d.* net.)

The Personal Story of the Upper House. By Kosmo Wilkinson. (Fisher Unwin: 16*s.*)

The Story of an Indian Upland. By F. B. Bradley-Birt, with an Introduction by the Hon. H. H. Risley, Home Secretary to the Government of India. A picturesque account of an out-of-the-way Province of the Empire. Ready to-day. (Smith, Elder: 12*s.* 6*d.* net.)

NEW NOVELS

Spoilers of Men. By Richard Marsh. Ready to-day. (Chatto and Windus: 6*s.*)

The White Causeway. By Frankfort Moore. Ready to-day. (Hutchinson: 6*s.*)

A Volume of Stories. By B. M. Croker. Ready to-day. (Methuen: 6*s.*)

A lady's age is supposed to be too delicate a matter for mention from the time that she leaves her "teens" until she is seventy, so the secret of Miss Braddon's birthday must be kept for another couple of years. "Who's Who" tells us, however, that her first novel, "The Trail of a Serpent," was published when she was only twenty-three, and that was in 1860. Since then, her output is estimated to have averaged something like one and a quarter novels a year, so that her new book, *The Rose of Life*, which Messrs. Hutchinson are to publish next month, ought to constitute a sort of Diamond Jubilee of her works.

Sir Norman Lockyer is the latest scientist to attempt to solve the mystery which has shrouded the meaning and origin of Stonehenge for so many centuries. "We are not yet too late to learn much more than is known of this structure," wrote Emerson, after his memorable visit to the place with Carlyle; "some diligent Fellowes, or Layard, will arrive stone by stone at the whole history by that exhaustive British sense and perseverance, so whimsical in its choice of objects, which leaves its own Stonehenge, or Choir Gaur, to the rabbits, while it opens pyramids and uncovers Nineveh." Sir Norman Lockyer, in his new hypothesis, holds that Stonehenge is not an isolated monument, but part of a great equilateral triangle, the two remaining points of which are occupied by Old Sarum and Groveley Castle. This scheme, he thinks, must have been undertaken by some civilised race, which could command the services of skilled mathematicians. It is an interesting theory, and should be well threshed out when the book is published by Messrs. Macmillan.

Gossip About Books and Their Makers

A Poet's Novel

As my readers are well aware, many of our novelists are poets also, even Miss Braddon, whom I had not previously suspected in this connection, having many years ago published a collection of verse. But Mrs. Hugh Chesson, who has won a wide reputation as a poet under her maiden name of Nora Hopper, is in a different class from the novelist-poets I have mentioned from time to time. She is a poet who has just published her first novel, "The Bell and the Arrow," which I have not yet had an opportunity of reading. But I am induced to make her the subject of a note if only to clear up a pardonable error into which paragraphists usually fall when writing of this very gifted lady. Thus the *Pall Mall Gazette*, in a mention of her first novel: "The action of the book takes place in this country, and the only concession the author has made to her countrymen is in making one character Irish." This seems a reasonable observation, in view of Mrs. Chesson's previous work, which ten years ago led Mr. W. B. Yeats, our foremost authority on the Celtic Renascence, to call her "the one absolute dreamer of Irish literature," and to say, in further proof of her pure Celtic inspiration, that she was "interested in so much of life as you can see in a wizard's glass." Yet at that time she had not even visited Ireland, and I doubt if she has yet set foot on "the gem of the sea." Certainly, she has never resided in that country. She was born some thirty years ago at Exeter, and until her marriage with Mr. Hugh Chesson, the novelist and critic, in 1901, she had lived chiefly in Kensington. Her home is now at Kew.

Photo by *Russell*

Nora Hopper (Mrs. Hugh Chesson)

The well-known poet, who has just published her first novel, entitled "The Bell and the Arrow"

The Influence of Race

This is an interesting and instructive fact, as it would be difficult to give a better instance of the influence of race on a writer, over that of place. Mrs. Chesson is of mixed Irish and Welsh parentage; and here was enough of Celtic blood to enable her as a young girl to find her fairy folk as easily in the green corners of Hyde Park as others have in Irish woodlands. Has not Mr. Barrie, who also may be suspected of a Celtic strain, found them in Kensington Gardens? From her earliest years, folk-lore has been Mrs. Chesson's favourite study, and, as a very young woman, she used to pursue it under the unromantic dome of the British Museum, where she read numerous works on the Icelandic Sagas, Dr. Richard Garnett aiding and abetting. Her father being a military man, and without literary connections, the young friend of the fairies had to write her poems and stories and send them to hard-hearted editors, with no particular love for "the little people," for a weary year or two before she began to make the least headway. But when she issued her "Ballads in Prose," in 1894, it was admitted on all hands that this young lady was a writer of marked originality and power. Mr. Yeats spoke of her book soon after its appearance as having "the beauty of a dim twilight," which seems to me a happy description of the most characteristic Celtic works of our day, both in prose and verse. Since then, the name of Nora Hopper, and latterly Nora Chesson, has been a familiar one to readers of the leading periodicals, to most of which she has contributed examples of her always imaginative and musical poetry. "Under Quicken Boughs" and "Songs of the Morning" are her chief books of verse, the former possessing in a greater degree those Celtic traits which one associates with her writings.

"The Artistic Temperament"

There seems to be a very general tendency to accept "De Profundis" as a genuine human document, the heart-cry of a penitent soul, and not merely a piece of splendid literary simulation. It may be that the wish is father of the thought, for we would all like to think that its author had found in the bitter cup of

sorrow and shame a medicine that purged his soul of vanity and egotism, leaving him humble and contrite. While advancing no opinion on this subject, I may be permitted to point out that grief and repentance have, before now, been expressed in literature without the author either grieving or repenting. What of Verlaine? Here was a man in many ways resembling Wilde, though differing vastly in outward demeanour. Not even Villon was more abandoned; yet, think of it, some of the finest devotional poetry in the French tongue is from his pen. When he lay for two years in Brussels prison he was in daily converse with the priest, and wrote like a veritable saint. Had he died soon after, he had been remembered as a soul regenerate; but he lived long years of shame with never an obvious effort to reach up towards any one of the ideals he had sung. The moral seems to be that the artistic temperament may abide willingly with things unlovely.

Photo by **Mrs. Humphry Ward** [*Russell*

Whose recent literary activities are represented by a new novel, "The Marriage of William Ashe," just published, and a new play, "Agatha," produced at His Majesty's Theatre

Paul Verlaine

Having mentioned Verlaine, I may remark that a selection of his poetry has recently been added to the series of "Canterbury Poets" (Walter Scott: 1s.) Unfortunately, I cannot say that the translation has been well done, as Mr. Ashmore Wingate, who is responsible for it, seems to be singularly lacking in all graces of style, his prose being even worse than his verse. Verlaine is a difficult poet to render into English, so much of his beauty coming from the elusive music of words, but the task is worth attempting, and I fancy Mr. Le Gallienne might achieve some success in it. Meanwhile, Mr. Wingate's little book is, at least, useful for its careful biographical introduction, if the reader can shut his ears to the dull rattle of crude and awkward prose.

Mr. G. B. Shaw

My causerie this week threatens to become chiefly Celtic in its subjects. The author of "De Profundis" was an Irishman, and there is a Celtic strain in Verlaine, it seems to me. But I must assure Mr. George Bernard Shaw, it is no "association of ideas" that leads me to make mention of him this week. This I do simply because his name has been greeting my eyes in many papers of late, and because there seems to be quite a "boom" in Shaw over in America just now. Transatlantic critics, for some time, have shown a disposition to take him seriously, and after many years of being mistaken by English journalists for an empty jester, it looks as though he were coming into reasonable honour in his own country. When I say "his own country," I am remembering that he left Ireland when he was twenty, and has been a Londoner ever since, which is almost thirty years. He has the misfortune to be at once a humorist and a philosopher. To meet with the ready affection of the great British heart, it is well to be only one thing at a time: a merryandrew or a stodgy bore. Yet Mr. Shaw's great and original gifts must be obvious to anyone who has read him in all his moods. The average Briton does not like his philosophy administered with gaiety of manner, and that is the way of "G. B. S." There be many who think him no better than a *poseur* in consequence, though a moment's thought should convince them that a man does not abjure flesh-foods, tobacco, and alcohol; spend much of his time in espousing unpopular causes; in taking active part in municipal politics; in lecturing to common people, "just for fun." The fact is, Mr. Shaw is one of our greatest wits, and one of the sanest men of our time.

"The Meaning of Mr. Shaw"

Mr. Chesterton once wrote a clever essay on "The Meaning of Mr. Shaw," in which he pointed out, with much force, that "for some dark and mysterious reason, whenever a man makes an effort to be temperate and detached in his opinions, whenever a man says what is essentially solid and impartial, the British public always assumes that he is joking." Mr. Shaw has been paying the price of daring to think for himself instead of mouthing the conventionalities which the public is so prone to accept for profundities. I will give but one instance of this commonsense of his, which may easily be mistaken for egotistical jocularity. Just a year ago he was lecturing at Birmingham on Shakespeare, when he dismissed the Baconites and their cyphers by saying that if we take the titles of Shakespeare's plays—just a sufficient number for the purpose—and take the fourth letter from the end of each title, we will find that they spell "Bernard Shaw."

A correspondent took the trouble at the time to work it out, with the following result:

MacBeth.
Julius CaEsar.
Comedy of ErRors.
Merchant of VeNice.
Antony and CleopAtra.
Two Gentlemen of VeRona.
Merry Wives of WinDsor.
Troilus and CresSida.
Timon of AtHens.
Antony and CleopAtra.
All's well that Ends Well.

Now, that seems to me the very sanest kind of criticism, worth whole reams of Mr. Sidney Lee's anti-Donnelly invective.

Mr. Hall Caine's Unpublished Book

Some time ago I wrote of Mr. Kipling's unpublished novel, "Mother Maturin," and only the other day I came across a reference to a work of Mr. Hall Caine's, which was at one time much discussed in anticipation, and is still unpublished. I refer to his "Life of Christ." He had written this book more than twelve years ago, and was then known to have been engaged upon it for many years, but I have heard nothing about it for fully a decade. Speaking of it twelve years back, he said that, in his judgment, it contained the best literary work he had ever done:

> I have no intention of publishing the book (he went on to say) until I can make a long stay in Palestine, and then very likely I shall write it all over again. I have long hungered for this subject, having felt that, though the life of Christ has been written by great scholars, it has never—except once by Renan, and then adversely—been written from the imaginative point of view, looking at the character as you would look at a great imaginative conception. The Life has been written from the point of fact, not from the point of imaginative insight. It is a very daring thing to attempt, but that is the direction in which I wish to go. It is beset with dangers—the danger of going off the lines of clear record for instance; and for that reason I am in no hurry to print the book.

When next we hear of Mr. Hall Caine sojourning in Palestine, we may suspect that he has returned to this work which lies so near his heart.

The British Museum: A Complaint

Seldom do I need to avail myself of the advantages of the British Museum Reading Room, though I should like to pass many of my days under its noble dome. I happened to look in the other day, and found the place more crowded than I remember to have seen it. Although it was only a little after mid-day, every available seat for men was occupied. A friend whom I encountered, waiting to pounce upon the first vacant chair, complained bitterly that a considerable number of the seats reserved for ladies were not engaged, while a good many ladies were seated at the general tables. It does seem rather hard that if a gentleman should, by mistake, sit down at a ladies' table, he is instantly removed, while the fair ones are at liberty to crowd up the general tables, though there is ample room at their own reserved tables. Myself, I have received nothing but courtesy on my rare visits.

Photo by *H. Walter Barnett*

Mrs. Elinor Glyn

Whose new novel, "The Vicissitudes of Evangeline," has just been published

The Newest Journalism

There is a story being told in Fleet Street just now, which throws a vivid flash-light on the methods of our newest journalism. A certain war correspondent discovered, when he came back from the East, that the paper to which he was accredited had not hesitated to invent news in its editorial office, and to publish it with his name as sponsor, and dated from a region of the war from which, at the supposed time of his telegraphing, he was distant many hundreds of miles. Naturally aggrieved at this conduct, he threatened an action at law, which, unfortunately, we are not to witness, as the matter has been arranged privately. There is no limit to the audacity of certain notorious rags in the invention of "news," but, perhaps, this case is unique.

J. A. H.

By Field, Stream & Covert.

Edited by the Hon. L. J. BATHURST

The Blankney and Lord Harrington's

The Blankney country, to the command of which Mr. Edgar Lubbock was so eagerly welcomed last year, is a comparatively recent offshoot of the Old Burton Hunt, which was divided in 1871, previously to which Mr. Henry Chaplin and an illustrious line of predecessors, including Lord Henry Bentinck, Squire Osbaldeston, and Mr. Assheton Smith, had covered an almost superhuman extent of country. It was only in 1895, however, that the Blankney country assumed its present dimensions, as Mr. Jarvis and the Burton had both hunted a part of the country, the former with a private pack that enjoyed in its day a good reputation. Skellingthorpe Hall is situated in this newly acquired region, being in the north-west of the Hunt, which is a thoroughly sporting district, though, perhaps, not so much esteemed by the hard-riding division as the Wellingore Vale, on the southern or Belvoir border. Though the Blankney and Lord Harrington's countries are not absolutely contiguous, a very few miles divide them on the Newark side. Lord Harrington first took over the South Notts Hounds (as they are alternatively entitled) in 1882, and hunts them as keenly as ever, particularly when a bold fox sets his head for the Belvoir Vale from Devon Gorse, or any other of the coverts adjacent to that delectable area.

The Late Mr. E. R. Sworder

Though Mr. Sworder had retired from active duty as M.F.H. for some years, and his many friends realised that he was unlikely to re-enter harness after giving up the Hertfordshire countries, the news of his death came as a sad surprise. Coming of a most sporting Hertfordshire family, Mr. Sworder began with harriers, which he kept near his county town. In 1882, he was elected to the Mastership of the East Kent, where he stayed for six seasons, until the retirement of Captain Peacocke created a vacancy in the Hertfordshire Hunt. The latter gentleman had not reigned for long, and prior to his coming the country had been "in commission," so that no little tact and energy were required to reinstate matters on a thoroughly satisfactory basis. Carrying the horn himself on two days in the week, with Charles Harris officiating on the other two, Mr. Sworder's success was instantaneous, and his popularity was unbounded. In 1893 Mr. Sworder was compelled by ill-health to discontinue his huntsmanship, and very judiciously engaged William Wells, who is still to the fore at Kinsbourne Green, to handle both the dog and bitch packs. Mr. Sworder, both in Kent and Herts, was a great believer in doing things well, and was himself of particularly smart appearance, especially in hunting costume; but he was also an excellent

Photo by] A Kill with Lord Harrington's Hounds: The fox thrown to the pack [*Barrett*

Photo exclusive to The Bystander

Mr. Edgar Lubbock

The new Master of the Blankney

sportsman, and, before his health gave way, a very hard rider to hounds.

Some Lady Masters

Of the four well-known lady Masters of Hounds whose portraits appear in the present issue, Lady Gifford is the senior in office, as it was in 1894 that her ladyship started her smart little pack of harriers. The scene of operations was then Northumberland; but three years ago the establishment was moved to Old Park, near Chichester, and ever since that the sporting inhabitants of that part of Sussex have enjoyed the best of sport, thanks to Lady Gifford's unvarying keenness. Miss Somerville is now in her second season of Mastership in the West Carbery country, which extends over many square miles of Co. Cork. It is a wild, sporting country, with a considerable amount of moorland, and a good hunter is required to negotiate its sundry obstacles with safety. Mrs. T. R. Hughes took over the control of the Neuadd Fawr country on the death of her husband, three years ago, and, in her very first season, the hounds did splendidly, despite the omission of cub-hunting owing

Photo by Davies

Mrs. T. R. Hughes

Master of the Neuadd Fawr Foxhounds, which hunt in Carmarthenshire and Cardiganshire

Photo by Elliott and Fry

Lady Gifford, who carries the horn with her own pack of harriers in the district round Chichester

Lady Gifford is mounted on her favourite hunter, "Patriot"

to the recent demise of Mr. Hughes. The Neuadd Fawr is a private pack, which hunts parts of Carmarthenshire and Cardiganshire twice a week.

Badger-Hunting

The sport of nocturnal badger-hunting in East Devon, which has been allowed to lapse during the last year or two, is about to be revived, and Mr. A. Pope is to be Master and huntsman, with Messrs. R. Scarbrough and S. Selby as whippers-in. It is not, perhaps, a sport that would appeal to everybody, as, except on very bright moonlight nights, the enjoyment of the hound-work must be chiefly auricular: still, the voices of a pack of foxhounds at a time of year when all others are on the unemployed list, are apparently a sufficient inducement for the Devonian sportsman to give up many a night's rest. In 1902 the Axe Vale pack hunted during ten weeks, and accounted for no less than forty-five badgers. With a view to forming a new pack, several local Masters have promised draft hounds, including those of the Blackmore Vale and Cattistock. The country to be covered belongs to no regular fox-hunting establishment, though the Cotley Harriers seem to be chiefly engaged on more ambitious work than their title denotes, while the allegiance to currant jelly of the Axe Vale Harriers is not exactly unswerving. One cannot help suspecting that the badger-hounds must occasionally kill a fox-cub or two, though regular participators in the sport insist that such a catastrophe is unknown.

Photo by *Elliott and Fry*

Miss Isa McClintock

Master of the Tynan and Armagh Harriers

Masters and Motors

A new opponent of motor-cars in the hunting field is forthcoming in Mr. Uvedale Lambert, the Master of the Burstow, who has stated his intention of putting every obstacle in the way of the machines joining in the Chase. Though, perhaps, not so thorough in hostility to mechanical vehicles in general as is Lord Willoughby de Broke, Mr. Lambert has, it is understood, been put to considerable annoyance during the present season by motorists, especially on one side of his country. No doubt the terrors of a car charging through a hunting cavalcade seem very humorous when depicted in the comic papers; but hounds and horses nowadays represent a good deal of capital, and it is safe to predict a large accession of hunting men to the members' list of the society which is being formed for the enforcement of law and order on the King's highway, unless drivers of cars mend their manners.

Photo by *Elliott and Fry*

Miss Edith Somerville, who is now in her second year of Mastership in the West Carbery country

Miss Somerville is as well known in the literary as in the sporting world, being the author of 'Slipper's A B C of Foxhunting"; part author of "The Experiences of an Irish R.M.," and other amusing stories of Irish life

THE WORLD OF ART

THE APOTHEOSIS OF WHISTLER

It is reported of the unfortunate wit, whose last work, "De Profundis," everybody is reading, that when his final days found him in poverty he turned to a friend, who had come to his assistance, and said, "You see I am dying . . . . beyond my means." His great rival in wit, if not in scholarship and culture, is now surviving . . . . beyond his reputation. The chorus of praise which followed his death has now culminated in the memorial exhibition of his paintings, drawings, etchings, and lithographs, at the New Gallery, whither Royalty has gone, and Society daily crowds. It is the unvarying practice of mediocrity to over-applaud the dead, and, in the case of Whistler, and many another great man whose art has been laughed at by the groundlings during his lifetime, now that all possibility of further work is over, he is patronised and belauded without discretion. But, in the present instance, it is natural that the fame of the painter should spread after his death. The personality of Whistler, or, perhaps, the mask he wore before the public, repulsed anything like sympathy; his cocksure air, his vanity, and his verbal bitterness, came between many of his fellow-artists and their appreciation of his work.

Expert Opinion on Whistler has not Changed

Although a great deal has been rather unfairly said of late in regard to the present praise of Whistler's work, and the old abuse of it, as a matter of fact, the opinion of artists of to-day—one means, of course, the earnest students and masters of art—is much the same as that of artists of twenty or thirty years ago in this connection. In the past they recognised Whistler's gifts, and understood his method, just as they do now. Years before those who boom him rather disagreeably to-day held a pen or pencil, a man like Rossetti perfectly comprehended and admired the point of view of the painter of Valparaiso and the designer of the early etchings of the Thames near London Bridge. However much the old wound of the Ruskin action, and the unfortunate attitude of our Royal Academy, may still rankle, there remains the vast solacement of the gradual growth of the appreciation of Whistler's revolutionary methods. I have always shared the view that estimated Whistler as the ultimate master of decoration—the most important branch of the vital and alluring art he followed with so gay an air and so acute and far-seeing an observation.

His masterpieces are already well known, and many will be found on the walls of the New at the present time. The artist's "Mother," lent from the Luxembourg by the Government of France, a relaxation of the general rule forbidding foreign loans from the Musée; the "Carlyle," from Glasgow; the greatly admired, but rather *posé*, "Miss Alexander"; the fine "Sarasate," and "Théodore Duret," with the expressive "Sir Henry Irving, as Philip of Spain." There are also my own particular favourite work of the artist, the early "At the Piano," reproduced in THE BYSTANDER about a year ago; the "Falling Rocket,' which caused the Whistler-Ruskin suit, and very many more well-known portraits and pictures. But it is in what some may consider the more trivial sketches and drawings that the student of Whistler's work will take particular delight.

Stray Fragments of Value

The rooms are full of stray fragments of his storehouse—little-known drawings on stone, etchings whose vogue had passed away, designs for decorative details of a room, the sketch of a fan, a souvenir of the Gaiety, studies of many models, and the like. All these things are even more engaging and intimate than the large pictures with which one is familiar, or casual and amorphous works with which his reputation is scattered. Among the lesser examples of Whistler's infinite skill are here to be seen the original drawings for the late Sir Henry Thompson's catalogue of blue and white Nankin porcelain. The designs appear to be drawn with the brush in Indian ink, and every detail of the original is reproduced in a manner not very often affected by the painter. The volume in which these

St. James's Street, as Whistler knew it

Chelsea: A well-known Thames etching by Whistler, in the middle period

The famous butterfly signature is here seen reproduced at the foot of the illustration and towards the right-hand side

illustrations were used is also in the North Room. But, apart from these important big and little works, the feature which has given its character to the exhibition, and made it popular in Society, is the loan from the collections of His Majesty the King and H.R.H. the Princess Victoria, of a series of etchings, nearly 200 in number. These are seen to great advantage on the green walls, and are devoutly admired by a vast number of fashionable people, who, I trust, are able to enjoy the true sense of beauty inherent in almost every one of them. Those we reproduce are highly characteristic of the series, but Whistler is not for reproduction in the ordinary way. He brought to whatever work he undertook the large spirit of the artist such as it is understood in Japan. His picture was only part of a scheme of decoration. From this centre he worked outwards to the frame, from the frame to the walls, from the walls to the ornaments and furniture of the room generally. That is the only just way, but he has been one of the few great painters who have understood the subject, and carried it through to a happy issue. His was a great work: for he had mastered the simplification of vision, and had grasped nature's divine secret of an *ensemble*.

E. M.

The Thames, near London Bridge: A characteristic early etching by Whistler, dated 1859

A CONTINENTAL HOLIDAY IN LONDON*

A PICTURE OF SOHO AND THE BACK REGIONS THEREABOUTS

By
"HUMPHREY WALLIS"
(Miss ALTON-TELFORD)

The impecunious person who desires to study foreigners or Continental character need not imagine poverty prevents him. Extensive travel is unnecessary. So is luggage. If a Londoner, take your oldest hat, and seek any of the streets that lie clustered behind Soho Square and Tottenham Court Road.

Engage part of a room. You will find acquaintances easy to make, and the smaller the sleeping area the larger your view of life as it is lived by many thousands of individuals in the West End. And it is easier to make terms with a peripatetic tenant than a resident landlord. A little care and shrewdness will soon ensure typical, if not exactly comfortable, quarters, and the three or four human occupants of the apartment may furnish food for reflection and amusement.

Only the Pole will breakfast in the one-room "house," making for himself a patch of fire out of the heaped cinders on the hearth or in the rusty grate, whereby he may brew coffee in the blackened beer can which is his sole cooking utensil. The sallow little Jewish tailor tumbles out of his equally sallow bed at a few minutes to eight o'clock, thrusts his body into his rag-baggy clothes (arraying his throat in your collar by mistake), lights a cigarette, and rushes away to the third floor in the next street, where he sits all day on a long table by the window, between pressing irons and a "finisher."

Breakfast in France

Louis, the Frenchman, may slumber till Irish Tim flings a boot and an oath at him, or noon brings hunger. Then he will don his paper "front," greasy broadcloth, and straw hat, and lead you forth to breakfast in the recesses of the mysterious restaurant round the corner. Madame, with very black hair, sharp eyes, a smooth voice, and smoother smile, sits in a little box near the counter, and takes the money, and often bids the big, fat, flat-footed German waiter attend to the patrons more quickly. The patrons are a choice selection of self-styled Anarchists, and unclassified live-by-their-wits from the back streets of Amsterdam, and the tenements of Paris, Brussels, Milan, Vienna, and Berlin.

A lounge in the Italian barber's follows. There is meagre allowance of soap, and the towels have a past, but all the European newspapers lie among the mangy brushes and spotted pots, and high treason is enjoyed in six languages. Louis, with an enthusiastic friendship, born of a glimpse of gold in your purse, introduces you to more of his friends, who laugh, who speak joyously and fast, who wear wondrous neckties and bows, who love you at once, and bow you to a café and absinthe.

In the outer room of the café are tables, and a demi-semi white-aproned waiter. Guided by your new and dear friends, you pass to an inner den, where is an elderly woman in a Jewish matron's virtuous wig, cooking at a stove. She greets you with a wide smile, a glance like a newly ground razor, and "Ah-ah, my children!"

Abroad in London

You drink absinthe and other things; you smoke bad cigarettes; the gossip and blackguardism of Continental dens whirls in your ears. Shut your eyes when the fat hostess speaks. Is it not Saturday afternoon in the Judenstraat, and are not the narrow pavements and cobblestoned road full of waddling wives in satin and diamonds, young women in muslin and lace, children in the hues of the rainbow, and hook-nosed youths with great white shirt bosoms and shockingly bad-fitting coats? Can you not smell the canal by the barrels of salted fish and cucumber, the garlic and the cheese?

When you look again, two of the company are throwing dice. Others gaze, offer advice, gabble loudly, and swear volubly. The hostess suspends her work to watch; you are aware that the waiter is taking a hand, and—that you are losing.

Never mind. You are abroad in London, within ten minutes' walk of the Marble Arch, and where nobody has much to lose, and the cleverest can gain little. There is plenty of stamping on the floor, banging on the table, and insults accepted and returned without blows. It is twilight when you leave the café. The street lamps are twinkling in electric silver or yellow gas against the clear red and grey of the evening sky, and the keepers of the stalls in the gutter are putting up their flaring jets. Where shall we go now? "To the club, *mon ami*," says Louis. "Very well, but let us go home and wash."

Your friend stares. How droll, these English! But, certainly, we will at home have the wash. As you go along he stops at a shop door and bawls within. A little Swiss woman, with the sleeves of her cotton dress rolled above her elbows, and her brown hair smoothly brushed into a high knot on her head, answers him. She and her girls are starching and ironing shirts. Louis banters her, not elegantly. The lady throws a wet rag from a basin in his face, and the verbal contest ends in a roar of laughter.

In your apartment is an empty, broken-lipped pitcher. Louis lies down on the bed to smoke, and directs you to the cistern. It is down four flights of

*(Copyright in U.S.A. by the Author)

stairs, and underground. The walls are covered with slime and slugs. As you draw the water you hear voices, and, carrying out the jug, you peep through a door. In a corner are two children—little girls. There is a horrible rag bed, and two soap boxes. The dim light comes from bars let into the pavement above. Shocked and startled, you go up to question Louis.

"Children? Ah, yes. The woman's children, no doubt."

"What woman?"

"The woman, my friend, who goes out each day with a sack on her shoulder—the seller of the stones that whiten the hearth."

This little adventure gives you a bad appetite for the club. International politics, plots, and immoral anecdotes concerning every reigning monarch, *except* Abdul Aziz, pall, and you return home to find the tailor supping from a greasy paper containing fried fish and potato strips, and the Pole surrounded by piles of the slippers which gain him a livelihood.

By the time Sunday has come round you are almost acclimatised. Ah, that first Sunday with Europe in London! Lying on the pallet with your eyes half unconsciously fixed on the dull light percolating through the duller yellow calico blind pinned across the window, with nothing in your brain except a sense of warmth, torpor, and that same yellowness, a heavy bumping on the stairs outside rouses you to a stage of wonder, and a minute later a heavier thumping on the door bangs you wide awake.

"Arrah, yez spalpeens!" cries a woman's voice. "D'ye hear me now, you Tim? Ye son of a lazy girrul, will ye get up at all to-day? 'Tis at Mass ye ought to be."

"Get on wid yer, you ould fool, bangin' an' slamin', an' creatin' onearthly noises an' sinsations in the home of innocent young men! Be off wid ye before I come out an' roll ye down the stairs. To call yerself a rispectable, dacent woman! Wait now till I get me boots, an' tell ye what I think o' ye!" roars the Irishman, sitting suddenly up and bellowing.

"Sure as I live I'll scr-ratch yer eyes out for that!" cries the voice, and then cackles with laughter. The bumping sound begins once more, and dies away below.

The Priest, the Curate, and the Nurse

"'Tis ould Molly Maguire off to St. Pathrick's," says Tim, and lies down again.

At one o'clock you meet Molly herself, a hunch-backed, lame woman, toiling up to her room. Two eyes like black diamonds, and a band of black hair, gleam at you from a pinched, yellow visage. "Look after yersilf now, my man," says she, leaning on her stick, "or sorra a taste o' goodness will ye have in yer heart if ye foller the ways o' them lads. 'Tis misilf that knew Tim's mother, God rest her sowl! in Dublin, years ago, and a foine weltin' would she give him if she could get at him now, the blackguard. But Father Connor's comin' to see him!"

Later, you make the acquaintance of Father Connor in Molly's little home. The room is very clean, and the rush-bottomed chairs and great chest of drawers are in a high state of preservation and polish. The good priest, grave, yet with a beautiful smile, and a rare twinkle in his eyes, soon becomes a familiar presence in the street. So do the Protestant curate, and the Wesleyan lady nurse. Early in the morning, and late at night, they pass in and out on their errands of peace and mercy, smiling and nodding to each other, and occasionally meeting at the bedside of a dying creature, whose frantic friends have fetched "all the good they knew" to soothe the last moments.

One midnight a cry goes forth—the usual cry of "Po-*lice!*" As the scream happens to be on the landing near by, you put your head out to discern if matters are really serious, or merely the customary marital squabble. This time it is a strapping maiden of eighteen who yells, and apparently she has reason, for another more strapping maiden is threatening her with a villainous looking carving knife. The subject of contention is presently understood to be a fickle lover of five feet high, who follows the profession of cab-driver when he must, and is a light-weight boxer when he can. But, meantime, the armed lady must be dissuaded from her vehemently expressed purpose of cutting the other's heart out.

Blessed are the Peacemakers

"Dear me, Alice," says the Curate's mild, slow, tones, as his long, thin, black-covered figure is revealed by the light of the candle on a step of the upper flight of stairs. "Dear me, Alice, you are *not* going to make sandwiches to-night, surely? What have you got that knife for, my good girl? Here, give it to me," and—somehow—a long, thin, black arm glides out, and next instant a nervous, thin, white hand is carefully holding the bit of steel. "Do go to bed, dear people," continues the Curate meekly, gazing at you with grey eyes that are not mild, "there is a man who is very ill in the attic. If he does not sleep I won't answer for the consequences." He slides the knife into his inner pocket, and the handle sticks out ridiculously. "Blanche," to the threatened damsel, "your mother was looking for you, and asked me if I'd seen you, quite an hour ago. I pass your house, and may as well see you there. Good-night, friends. Good-night, Alice. Miss Pearce wants you at the club to-morrow evening. You have won the prize for card painting." He ushered Blanche (who wore no hat, and a torn bodice) down the stairs before him, lifted his hat to us, and departed. Alice, bereft of knife and enemy, sank down on the floor and began to have hysterics.

When your sojourn has lasted two or three months, and you have learned to express anger in Yiddish, Polish, Russian, and Italian, and formed an acquaintance with the fourteen families who reside in the house, and the fourteen hundred individuals who inhabit the street, it is wise to return to England as you know it in your city or suburb. Soho, and the back regions thereabout, have a fascination for one with the love of wandering and haphazard living in his blood. Move on before the dingy streets and shabby folks bind you with the spell. But for a holiday at any time, or as an educational interval, it is the Mecca for poor pilgrims smitten with traveller's fever. Four things are useful: a quick eye, a soft tongue, a kind heart, and ten shillings a week.

GOLF NOTES AND NOTIONS

Hitting off the Socket in Approach Strokes

Some time ago, in these columns, I touched very briefly on the subject of "shanking," otherwise "socketing," or, as some say, "hitting off the pipe." It was such an unpleasant topic to me personally, that, at the time, I left it severely alone, and hurried on, after a brief reference, to more congenial matter. But I have at last screwed up my courage sufficiently to deal with one of the most malignant diseases to which the human golfing flesh is liable. I am encouraged, *renovare dolorem*, by the fact that in none of the golfing manuals of instruction known to me is this disease exhaustively examined. The reason for this is not far to seek. Nearly all the leading manuals have been written by great players, and it is quite evident that these eminent experts would not have attained their summit of greatness if they had been afflicted by this fell disease for a time sufficiently long for them to have studied its rise, its course, and its cure, with that care which alone would enable them to impart to others the secret of its cause and its remedy. If any of the writers of treatises on the game have suffered from "socketing," the remembrance of that baneful period has been so gruesome that they have referred to the matter in a very brief manner, and have hastened on to the consideration of less unpleasant subjects as soon as possible.

No Handbooks on "Socketing"

However that may be, I have searched in vain in any treatise known to me for a satisfactory solution of the problem: "Socketing, and how to get rid of it." Those who have suffered, as I have, for a considerable period from this affliction will not need an explanation of the term "socketing," but I may as well explain, for the benefit of those who may now be healthy, but who may at some future period develop the symptoms of the malady, that it means hitting every approach shot, with mashie, jigger, or iron, off the heel of the club, right at the junction of the blade and the stem of the club, in such a way that the ball flies off, in cricket parlance, "to point," instead of going straight on to the spot aimed at. The disease generally develops in a most insidious manner. I will take my own case. I remember the horrid moment only too well. I had been playing my mashie more or less well for some time, and had never had a trace of any inclination to hit away to the right of the desired line. But in a foursome match for a prize I suddenly made one of these horrible "shanking" shots, and from that moment I lost confidence in the club, and could not shake off the dread of a recurrence of such a shot, with the natural result that an accident became very soon a confirmed habit, so much so, that the moment when I had to take a mashie into my hands became a moment of excruciating agony. I tried every possible stance every sort of mashie, but in vain, for I had not yet rightly appreciated that the fault lay not in the weapon, nor in the stance, but in the eye and the wrist.

Disease—and Remedy

A beneficent fairy arose in the shape of Mr. Frank Fairlie, who invented the iron clubs so widely known by his name. In these irons there is no heel, the whole face projecting in front of the stem, the latter being joined to the former by a cunningly twisted neck. With these clubs it is impossible to hit off to the right. Since then, George Low and others have produced mashies and irons on the principle of the "dog-leg" putter, invented by Willie Park, whereby the entire face of the club is carried away behind the stem; with these clubs, too, it is impossible to shank. Why, therefore, trouble to write on the matter, if, by purchasing one of these patent clubs, you can obviate the difficulty? Very true; but if, with the ordinary mashie, you are going through the throes of a very virulent attack of "socketing," you will find that even with the patent clubs you will hit most unsatisfactory shots. Therefore, it is better to stamp out the disease if you can, so that you may not be tied down to a form of club which you may not like or which may not suit you. Having, therefore, *in corpore vilis meo*, studied "shanking" in its worst form, and having, to my immense relief, got rid of it, I am anxious to impart a few hints to my fellow sufferers. The main causes of hitting off the socket are, in my opinion:

1. Unsteadiness of the head while swinging, resulting in the eye being taken off the ball too soon.
2. Slackness of the right wrist at the moment of impact, resulting in the wrist going past the ball before the blade comes through.
3. A defective or checked "follow-through."

In my own case, in addition to paying great attention to head steadiness and firmness of wrist, I found that standing square to the ball—*i.e.*, in a position parallel to the line of direction—was a great aid. I think, too, that anyone who is inclined to "socket" had better not play off the right leg. He will find that, by playing off the left leg, he will be less liable to get his wrists past the ball in front of the blade of his club. Of course, to a great extent, the habit, when it does become a habit, arises from loss of confidence, which generally leads to the sufferer looking up too soon in his nervous desire to see where the ball is going. In such cases, in medical language, a patent club may be usefully "exhibited." It will lead to a restoration of confidence. But if the player will only keep his head steady, his right wrist firm, and will follow well through, I will wager that he will cure the pernicious habit which has formed the painful subject of this article.

ERNEST LEHMANN.

MATTERS MUSICAL

Miss Lonie Basche's Recital

Amongst the many charges laid at the door of the unfortunate journalist, who, if all tales be true, must be a singularly unprincipled person, is that of "tasting," instead of conscientiously reading through, books sent him for review. With the justice or injustice of this convenient method I am not concerned, but it is rarely safe for the weary music critic to follow his example, and attempt to judge of an artist's capabilities from hearing a single item. Those who pursued this policy at Miss Lonie Basche's first pianoforte recital (and they were many) must have taken away but a poor opinion of her merits. Having myself, however, a certain acquaintance with the demon of nervousness, I suspected that she was similarly tortured, and determined to wait to the end. This proved to be worth staying for. Having regained her nerves, she played a barcarolle of Moskowsky, and a study and polonaise of Liszt, with great dexterity and the maximum amount of feeling; but it was impossible to judge anything from her other performances, though she has nothing to fear on the score of technique.

Serves as Text

The mere fact that Miss Basche's memory played her false on two occasions only served, under the circumstances, to emphasise the point that it is not always advisable to play without music. No doubt there is much to be said for the customary practise of memorising everything, inasmuch as it leaves the performer free to devote his whole attention to the interpretation of the work, but if there is any chance of a mishap, the fact of having no score to glance at renders the position decidedly embarrassing, both for the performer and the audience. Obviously, it is far more satisfactory to play straight through from music than to find oneself in the middle, say, of a Beethoven sonata, with no notion of what comes next. It is only the people who know nothing who prefer to hear (or should it be, see) players who have all the affectations of the professional.

Herr Kubelik's Children

We publish this week a photograph of Herr Kubelik's children. Some readers will be asking sarcastically what they have to do with "Matters Musical," but most, I think, will be amused at their quaint pose in the stork's nest. Marie and Anna are twins, and were born about a year ago.

Herr Kubelik's little twin daughters

The Laryngoscope

I have put youth before age. In congratulating M. Manuel Garcia on the celebration of his hundredth birthday, all the papers have carefully informed us that he is the inventor of the laryngoscope, but have preserved a discreet silence as to the uses to which the instrument may be put. Roughly speaking, it consists of an arrangement of a lamp and mirrors, one of which is placed in position at the back of the throat, by means of which it is possible to watch the movements of the larynx and vocal chords during the process of singing. It is at once evident that the knowledge thus obtained of the manner in which these delicate organs work, is of immense assistance both to singers and teachers of singing, and the whole profession is accordingly grateful.

A Plea for Enterprise

The friendly rivalry which necessarily exists between the London Symphony and Queen's Hall Orchestras is carried a step further by the arrangements for the forthcoming series of Sunday concerts, when the honours are to be shared between these two bands. In looking through the programmes, one notices that only once is Beethoven represented by a symphony, and that, the often-heard No. 5 in C minor. It is a pity that it is not found possible to perform one or two of the others just by way of variety.

"Everyman"

Lovers of English music will be glad to hear that Dr. Walford Davies is to direct a performance of his "Everyman," given by the Bach Choir, of which he is conductor, at Queen's Hall, on April 12. Dr. Davies' brilliant work is full of interest, and is well worth going to hear. Miss Gleeson White, Miss Muriel Foster, Mr. Gregory Hast, and Mr. H. Lane Wilson, are to sustain the solo parts.

H. F.

Lawn Tennis

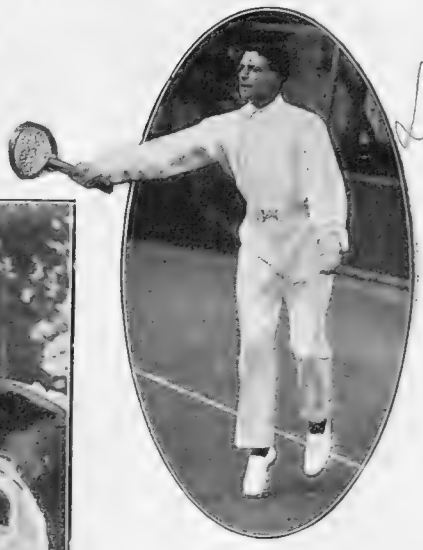
THE MONTE CARLO TOURNAMENT

Princess Batthyany

Wife of Prince Batthyany, who is well-known in English yachting circles

The Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg-Schwerin (with a parasol) and Countess Schulenburg

R. F. Doherty is standing immediately behind, looking down



H. L. Doherty,

Again proved his invincibility at Monte Carlo, as everywhere else, by winning the Monte Carlo Challenge Cup

Discussing "Form"

H. L. Doherty is seen joking with Countess Schulenburg. On his right is C. A. Voïght. G. M. Simond, who acted as referee during the tournament, is seen standing on the left of the picture

A Racer with a Sewn Wood Hull

One of the features in the motor-boat section at Olympia, was a Napier launch, designed for river work. This launch, it will be remembered, had a sewn wood hull, and the designer and patentee, Mr. S. E. Saunders, has now applied the principle to a high-speed power boat. This new featherweight racer is 39 ft. 3 in. in length, with a beam of 4 ft. 6 in., and derives her power from one 80 h.-p. Napier marine engine. Built with four layers of special mahogany, interleaved with silk, and sewn with copper wire, while strong and stiff, the boat is yet exceedingly light—the total weight, with the engine installed, being a little under one ton. In this Saunders' Napier boat the shaft is set almost parallel with the water-line, a straight forward direct drive is thus attained, and great economy of power results. The base of the engine, and the greater part of the weight of the machinery, are at or below the water-line, and this gives the boat great stability and adds considerably to her steering qualities and sea-worthiness.

Practice Makes Perfect

Running at top speed the hull creates practically no wave, and it looks as if practice and patient experiment were at last overcoming the difficulties which beset the designer of these comparatively short water-line boats. The first petrol racers lost a large amount of power from the great disturbance of the water, and from the fact that the propeller could not be kept properly immersed. The scheme of this new Napier, its light weight, and finely proportioned hull, promise great things.

A Motor Fishing Boat

A more useful type of boat is one that was launched at Yarmouth, on March 7. This fishing yawl, which is illustrated this week, has been built to the order of Mr. H. Johnson, of Sheringham. 34 ft. in length on the keel, 35 ft. 6 in. over all, and a beam of nearly 10 ft., are the dimensions of the boat, and fitted with a 15 h.-p. Gardner motor, her estimated speed is 7-8 miles per hour.

The Motor Wheel and Tyre Contest: Scene at the start at Courbevoie, Paris

A novel wheel and tyre competition started at Paris last week. The object of the trial is to test to destruction the wearing qualities of different types of wheels and tyres. The cars started from Courbevoie, Paris, and will tour through France and Italy, *viâ* Bordeaux, Biarritz, Marseilles, Genoa, Modane, and thence back to Paris

The Motor Wheel and Tyre Competition at Paris: Branding the tyres with red-hot irons

Designed not only to be independent of wind and tide, but in order to reduce as much as possible the number of hands, the winch is on power, being driven by a small 2 h.-p. paraffin motor, manufactured by Hall, of Yarmouth. The value of the British fishing industry is enormous, and, remembering that with such a perishable commodity time is often of great value, one wonders why more fishing smacks are not fitted with an auxiliary engine.

Petrol and Commerce

The development of the petrol lorry promises to be one of the motor features of 1905, and the following particulars, sent me by the Lacre Motor Company, of Poland Street, W., are of interest. This Company recently supplied one of their new one-ton lorries to Messrs. Hedges and Butler, of Oxford Street, for ordinary transport, and it was despatched last Friday week for a trial trip from London to Brighton. This journey of fifty-three miles was accomplished in three hours and forty-six minutes, at an average speed of fifteen miles an hour. Considering the heavy state of the roads, that a strong head wind was blowing, that the lorry carried two men and sixty dozen of wine, the performance is a creditable one. The cost of the petrol was only halfpenny a mile, and it is easy to see that such vehicles will play an important part in the transport work of the future.

A Race for Touring Cars

The Tourist Trophy, which the English Automobile Club are offering for competition, is deservedly attracting a large amount of attention. This race for touring cars is instituted by the Club for the purpose of encouraging the production of the ideal touring car for private use, and the rules of the competition are so framed that the racing car has no chance whatever. Amateurs racing in touring cars should have as much chance as professionals, and in the hope that a few car-owners may find time to enter for this competition, I append extracts from the rules :

Chief Rules and Regulations

The fuel to be used shall be provided by the Club, and shall be petroleum spirit having a specific gravity of 0.695 to 0.705 at 60 deg. F. The allowance of petroleum spirit shall be determined by the Club, according to the nature of the course selected, and the conditions of road surface on the day of the race.

The allowance for the course selected shall be equivalent to an allowance of one gallon of petroleum spirit for every twenty-five miles of dry average road—the term "average road" signifying a course similar to the road from London to Oxford, *viâ* Uxbridge, High Wycombe, and Stokenchurch.

The weight of the chassis shall be not less than 1,300 lb., nor more than 1,600 lb. Accumulators and other ignition apparatus, the tyres on the wheels, the bonnet, tanks (empty), dashboard, steps, lamp brackets, and front mudguards, shall be treated as part of the chassis.

No ignition accumulators or magneto, or other source of electric energy, shall be carried, except those fixed to the chassis at the time of weighing.

The load carried by the chassis, exclusive of fuel, oil, and water, spare tyres, spare parts, luggage, and provisions, shall be not less than 950 lb., including :

(1) The body, with rear mudguards and their stays, floor boards, and lamps.

(2) The driver and one passenger, with the loose ballast in the portion of the body in which the two unoccupied seats are situated, to weigh not less than 600 lb.

The body shall be of the ordinary touring type, properly upholstered, comfortably seated for driver and three passengers

facing forwards, two in front side by side and two behind side by side, on seats at least 34 in. from the ground, and giving for every two seats a clear seating space not less than 40 in. wide between cushions. Efficient mudguards to rear wheels shall be fitted to the body. The platform behind the dashboard shall not be less than 6 ft. 6. in. long, nor less than 30 in. wide.

Between the start and finish of the race the driver and his passenger shall alone be permitted in any way to assist a car, and no stores, supplies, spare parts, or spare tyres, other than those actually on the car at the start, shall be taken on to the car during the race. Everything (except fuel) which is on the car at the start must be carried throughout the race.

Little fault can be found with these regulations, except, perhaps, the amount of the fuel allowed. This competition, I take it, is to find out the best moderately powered four-cylinder touring car; but few such cars can do more than twenty miles on a gallon on ordinary roads, and it would, I think, make the competition a little more interesting if a gallon to every twenty miles was allowed.

Another Crystal Palace Show

The admitted success of Olympia has, apparently, by no means settled the Show question, for a circular from the authorities at Sydenham announces that a motor exhibition will take place there next February. Olympia is admitted, by most exhibitors, to be more convenient and accessible than Norwood, and I should doubt whether Mr. F. W. Baily, the Palace secretary, will persuade any large proportion of the trade to take space next February. The profits in the motor trade are not unlimited, and the total cost of a stand at a big Show is an expensive item, which even the biggest firms are hardly anxious to double. After stating that the Show is to be held next February, the circular goes on to say that:

We have fixed upon this time because it will take place as soon as possible after the Paris Exhibition, at which all the French firms show their latest productions, and also because it is after the turn of the year when the buying public are likely to think about placing their orders for their new season's cars. Undoubtedly, in the majority of cases, orders will not be placed in England until we have had an opportunity of either inspecting or reading about the latest inventions of the Continental motor-car manufacturers.

November is admittedly the month to show, and I doubt whether even the strongest advocate of the Palace will agree that February is a better time.

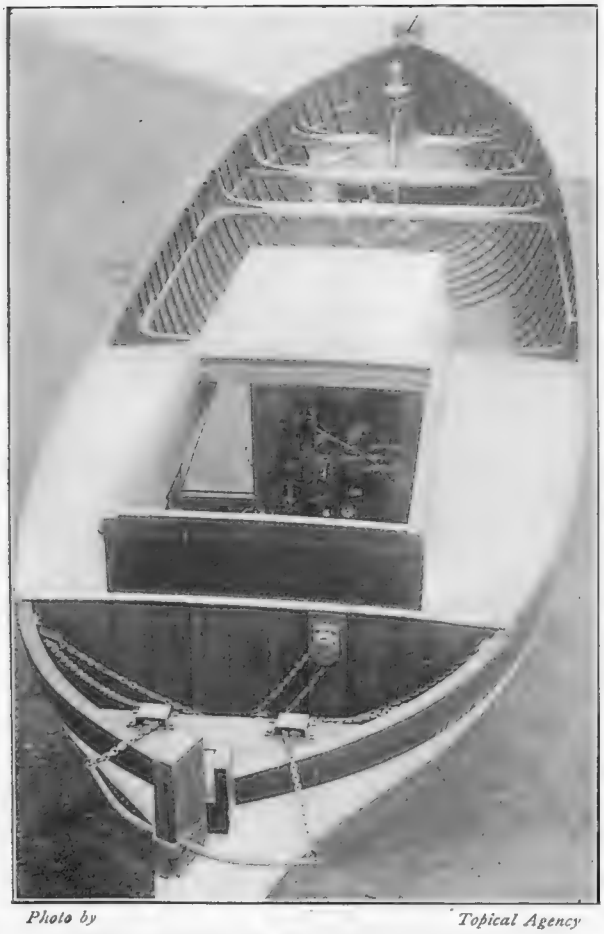


Photo by *Topical Agency*

Mr. H. Johnson's fishing yawl fitted with motor

Bird's-eye view showing position of engines

The Growth of the Argyll

Since its formation in 1900, the growth of the Hozier Engineering Company has been steady, and so popular now is the Argyll, that, to cope with the increase in the volume of business, the directors have turned it into a much larger concern, with a capital of half a million sterling. A new factory is to be built near Glasgow—a market for raw material which is second to none—and the finest engineering skill of the Clyde shipbuilding and West of Scotland locomotive building trades will be available for the purposes of the Company. Run on the sound business lines of the old Hozier Engineering Company, a big future assuredly lies before the manufacturers of this popular Scotch car.

A Big Capital

Half a million is a big capital, but the growth of the business in motor-cars is phenomenal, as the following figures, which relate to the trade in France, show:

	Production. Francs.	Exports. Francs.	Cars in use in France.
1898	3,200,000	1,750,000	1,830
1900	27,500,000	9,500,000	5,000
1902	99,000,000	30,000,000	16,500
1904	176,000,000	74,000,000	28,000

When one considers that the bulk of the French exported cars are marketed in this country, one feels that it is only by manufacturing on a big and economical scale that French competition can be really met.

Name the Bishop's Ugly Motor

The guinea I offered for competition last week has produced a great many replies, but there are still a number of cars unnamed. All you have to do is to send me, on a post-card (mark it "Beauty Competition"), the name of the motor which Dr. Yeatman-Biggs is going to buy.

A Correction

Referring last week to the Motor Show at the Agricultural Hall, I stated that one of the most interesting novelties to be shown, for the first time, is the new four-cylinder Mass car. Owing to an error, the word Mass was printed Mors. The four-cylinder Mors car is, of course, well known, and the context, which spoke of it as an interesting novelty, must have puzzled more than a few.

Alfred C. Hunter.

A LETTER FROM JOACHIM

The World's Greatest Violinist.

"I consider your Pianola with the Metrostyle an invention of the greatest importance to musical art. My first impression upon hearing an instrument of this kind was that it would be harmful and misleading, but the Metrostyle has completely changed my opinion, for not only does it play the notes correctly, but with the Metrostyle interpretation is given which is equal to that of an artist. Your success is assured.

"JOSEPH JOACHIM."

It was with difficulty that Herr Joachim was persuaded to investigate the Pianola. He had heard other piano-players, and imagined that, like them, the Pianola would not be worthy his serious consideration. But after listening to Mendelssohn's "Variations Serieuse," his interest was awakened, and he asked for one composition after another, and expressed his surprise at the artistic effect of the Pianola's performance.

It is particularly noteworthy that it was the Pianola with the Metrostyle that secured Joachim's endorsement. The Metrostyle Pianola achieves results that are not even attempted by any other piano-player. An Illustrated Catalogue will be sent to anyone who will write for Catalogue **B**.

The Orchestrelle Company,

ÆOLIAN HALL, 135-6-7, NEW BOND STREET, W.

NOTE.—We have a number of Second-hand Pianolas in Stock. Write for particulars.

MELANYL THE ORIGINAL MARKING INK IN ONE BOTTLE

Requiring no Heat. Has been tested for 25 years and proved its superiority. Guaranteed absolutely indelible and harmless.

6d., Is., and 2s. 6d. Bottles.

Of all Stationers and Chemists.

A Nickel Linen Stretcher is now given away with each Is. bottle.

INVENTORS AND MAKERS—

COOPER, DENNISON & WALKDEN, Ltd.,

ST. BRIDE STREET, LONDON.

ROBINSON & CLEAVER LD., BELFAST

Regent Street & Cheapside, London; and Liverpool.

Manufacturers to His Majesty the King and H.R.H. the Princess of Wales.

"A firm of world-wide fame."—*The Queen.*

CAMBRIC HANDKERCHIEFS

Children's	-	1/3 per doz.
Ladies	- -	2/3 ,,
Gentlemen's	-	3/3 ,,

HEMSTITCHED.

Ladies'	- -	2/9 per doz.
Gentlemen's	-	3/11 ,,

"Cheapest Handkerchiefs I have ever seen."—*Sylvia's Journal.*

Samples and Price Lists Post Free.

POCKET HANDKERCHIEFS

"The Irish Cambrics of Messrs. Robinson & Cleaver have a world-wide fame."
The Queen.

Damask Table and House Linens, Shirts, Cuffs, Collars, & Ladies' Underclothing at Makers' Prices.

N.B.—To prevent delay, all Letter Orders and Enquiries for Samples of these Goods should be sent direct to Belfast.

FOR DISCRIMINATING SMOKERS

STATE EXPRESS

No. 555

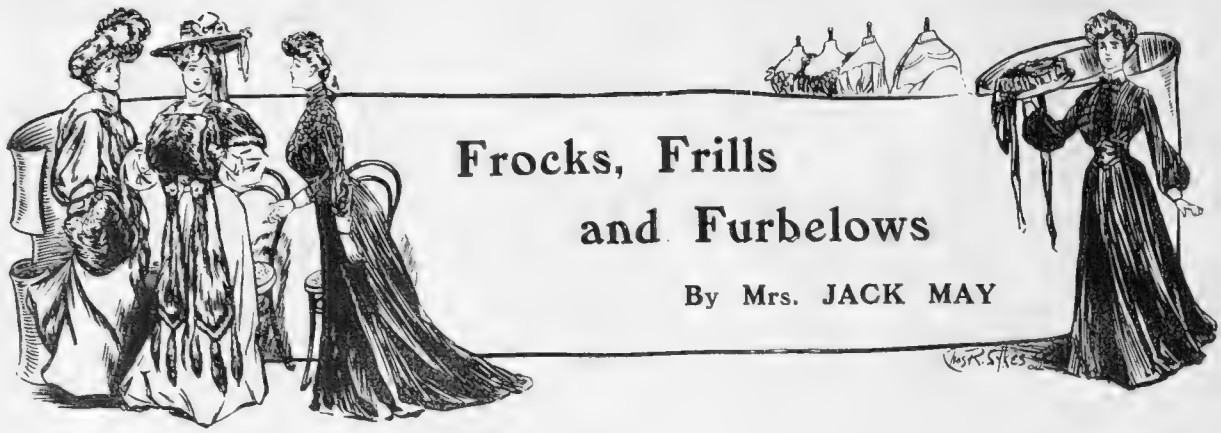
4/9 per **100**

1/3 per **25**

CIGARETTES

Sold by all Tobacconists and Stores.

ARDATH TOBACCO Co., London, E.C.



Frocks, Frills and Furbelows

By Mrs. JACK MAY

Now that fashions are crystallising in some sort, the conclusion is being borne forcibly home to us, that the differences, after all, are not so very great. Apart from the sleeves, which continue to observe a determinedly aggressive attitude, the changes are really very perfunctory. But where we shall rely for our best sensations this season is on materials; these are quite lovely, bewilderingly varied, and most extraordinarily cheap. Ambrosine and I are by no means alone in our sincere admiration of some tiny checked wool voiles, which, properly treated, should fashion up into most *distingué* little gowns.

For Early Spring Wear: A small checked lainage walking costume

A Special Show at Shoolbred's

Although an annual affair, the Spring display at present proceeding at Tottenham House, far and away surpasses any of its predecessors. Every window around the entire block is being devoted to a show of fashion that few will mistake, and, as the eye wanders in enchanted bewilderment from *le dernier cri* in taffeta coats, to some *récherché* confection in the shape of a dainty voile visiting gown, anon pausing before the extraordinary value expressed by some neat checked tweed tailor suit, and on to a long feast before a very plethora of parasols, representative millinery, dress fabrics, and all the rest of the paraphernalia that goes to make up the sum of feminine happiness, almost one is inclined to have visions of the millennium.

Amazing, however, as is this window display, it is, naturally, merely the keynote to an elaborated theme within, where pauses will be considerably longer, and criticism more personally interested. Among the mantles, there stands forth, in conspicuous remembrance, a long, three-quarter, cream serge coat, such a smart little wrap, though very neat and tailor-like of kind, which is marked at the extraordinarily low price of 30*s*., while in the costumes there are the dearest little voile frocks, lined through with silk, the epitome of *chic*, going at seven guineas; and taffeta costumes, both black and coloured, are made leading features; these of the *genre* to ensure a speedy sale.

Then, the very latest things in petticoats, the *ombré jupon*, is one of the innumerable distinctive matters in the outfitting salon, this fancy obtaining alike in silk and moirette, and fighting in gentle rivalry for first attention with a very army of blouses.

To say that every need, every style, every purse, is considered in the last regard, affords but a sorry conception of the exceeding versatility of choice—the filmy lace slip (a mass of wondrous stitchery), or the simple shirt of delaine, Messrs. Shoolbred are equally prepared to supply on a relative plane of excellence.

"The Allenburys' Foods

A Pamphlet on Infant Feeding and Management (48 pages) Free.

MOTHER AND CHILD. *Baby, 6½ months of age. Fed from birth on the "Allenburys" Foods.*

The "Allenburys" Foods give Strength and Stamina, and supply all that is required for the formation of firm flesh and bone. They promote perfect health, and give freedom from digestive troubles and the disorders common to children fed on farinaceous foods, condensed milk, or even cow's milk.

Allen & Hanburys, Ltd., Plough Court, Lombard Street, London.

JAS. SHOOLBRED & Co.

Upholsterers and Decorators.

FURNITURE. Tastefully Appointed
FURNITURE. Specimen Drawing Rooms,
FURNITURE. Dining Rooms, and
FURNITURE. Bedrooms on View.

Carpets. Carpets.
Carpets. Carpets.

JAS. SHOOLBRED & CO.

Desire to call attention to the unusually complete assortment of

RICH WILTON PILE and VICTORIAN AXMINSTER CARPETS

in the Newest Designs and Colourings.

TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD, LONDON, W.

A stylish taffeta coat. *(Sketched at Shoolbred's)*

Directoire Parasols

Although, perhaps, a little early to chat exhaustively on parasols, a moment's serious attention may be accorded *en tout cas*, and it is to be remarked, with some significance, that the season's novelties at Tottenham House carry longer handles, tied about with generous ribbon streamers; an unmistakable reminiscence of the Directoire period, developments whereof we may await with interest. But the whole of this trend of fashion at Shoolbred's is replete with

This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.

This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.

This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.

This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.

This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.

This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.

JAS. SHOOLBRED & CO.

THE BEATRICE

A very pretty and simple Paris-made Voile Gown, in Cream and all Shades. Trimmed Empire Lace and lined fined batiste.

Price—

£4 14 6

THE WALSHAM

A smart cut and well-fitting Tailor-made Norfolk Suit. Made in best quality West of England Tweeds.

Price—

£4 14 6

Made to Measure, 5/- extra.

Patterns sent per return.

THE WALSHAM

TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD, LONDON, W.

SOOTHES SENSITIVE SKINS.

Wash Baby's sensitive skin with

WRIGHT'S COAL TAR SOAP.

It is wonderfully soothing, and protects from all infection.

THE NURSERY SOAP.

4d. a Tablet.

WRIGHT'S
COAL TAR SHAVING SOAP.
Sticks or Tablets, 4d. each.

conviction, and it were unpardonable indeed to miss so unique and helpful an opportunity.

The Pompadour Phase

This, you may take it from us, has come to stay—that is to say, until it has had its day and ceases to be—by reason of a certain wearisome ubiquity. Such is the fate of all fashions. One renowned West End establishment displayed a window, that gathered crowds before it the other day, set out *à la Pompadour* in colour, fabric, and vogue. A teagown of white chiffon carried a *treillage* arrangement of Pompadour roses in chiffon, and a light ruching of pink chiffon all around the hem, the corsage concluding in a high, draped sash, with long ends of Pompadour ribbon. Then a Bridge coat of white silk, powdered over with little bouquets of roses, was fashioned quite Louis Quinze, the fronts shaped away to show a close-fitting vest of white satin, cut very *décolleté* below a draped jabot of lace. This, we were instructed, was destined to accompany a soft, full skirt of creamy lace, and it was furthermore hinted how a similar style of toilette was likely to prevail for smart reception wear this season. It should look rather well and picturesque, we think, if it is properly lived up to, with jewellery, coiffure, and general addenda. And a lace coat of like *genre* promises to have something to say for itself, relieved by delicate Pompadour colourings, and it will be readily understood how this style falls into the accepted scheme of figure silhouette.

The Truth About the Corset Scare

Revolt ran high at a rumour that crept about a short while back, that our corsets were to take on a completely fresh face, or rather an old face revived, wherein a clear and defined waist line played a conspicuous part. Now, as a matter of fact, a serious attempt towards this end was made in Paris, but without success, and the upshot of all the furore has resulted in a style rather higher, and with the curve of the waist brought considerably nearer the straight front, but the latter (and that, after all, is the moot poin) is still securely with us. Indeed, as a renowned *corsetière* pointed out, for a time, at least, the straight front is of necessity, and if ever the waist is compressed again all round, it will be a result only reached by slow degrees. We women are open to bear much for the sake of our appearances, but there *are* limits even to our powers of endurance. To conclude the matter, the corset we have done with is the incidental affair, that allowed the figure above the waist and the hips full license to expand; really a most fatal indulgence with any woman past her teens. The new corsets, so far as we can see at present, appear to epitomise the best of several modern phases.

For Early Spring Wear

Our illustration on page 646 shows a costume arranged with a full skirt, set flat about the hips in small, flat, stitched box-pleats, and a close-fitting corsage, laid in thin, shapely folds, and completed by a short box-pleated basque, the demands of *la mode* are met with all elegance. The slight incidental vest of velvet effects a telling touch, and one surmises the chemisette to be of one of the new French laces, that are very light of texture, worked with a raised design.

This is offered in one of the small checked lainages, preferably in a triple mixture of, say, blue, green, and brown, or rose, fawn, and black, for in this slight mystery lies the whole *cachet* of the latter-day plaid material.

The Menu: A Dinner for Six or Eight Persons

Clear Soup.
Salmon Trout. Dutch Sauce.
Lamb Cutlets. French Beans.
Boiled Fowls. Seakale.
Pineapple Creams.
Meringues.
Roe Savouries.

CLEAR SOUP

Half a pint of carrot, turnip, and leeks, cut into small dice, 2 oz. of butter, two teaspoonfuls of chopped tarragon and chervil, salt and pepper, a saltspoonful of castor sugar, and one quart of good clear soup. Throw the vegetables into a pan of boiling water and boil them for five minutes. Drain off the water, melt the butter in a saucepan, put in the vegetables, and cook them gently for five minutes. Next add to them about half a pint of clear soup, also the castor sugar, and boil till the soup is reduced to a glaze, having a dark brown gluey appearance. Then add the quart of clear soup, and simmer the whole gently for twenty minutes. Skim off every trace of butter that rises to the surface. Season it nicely, and, just before serving, stir in the chopped tarragon and chervil. Serve in a hot tureen.

LAMB CUTLETS (Côtelettes d'Agneau)

Trim and shape some neck cutlets, egg and bread-crumb them, and fry them in the usual way, and serve in a circle on a purée of French beans. A thick white sauce should be handed in a boat with this dish.

BOILED FOWLS

For boiling, choose fowls which have a nice white skin, truss them, and tie them up in a clean, floured cloth; put them in a saucepan of boiling water, and simmer from three-quarters of an hour to one hour and a half, according to the size; drain well and serve with a good white sauce, made as follows: One onion, one leaf celery, one bunch parsley, one pint milk, pepper, salt, 2 oz. butter, 1 oz. flour, two tablespoonfuls of cream. Boil the onion, celery, and parsley in the milk till nicely flavoured; strain, melt the butter in a stewpan, stir in the flour, add the milk by degrees. Boil gently till it thickens, stirring all the time. Season to taste. Lastly, stir in the cream.

PINEAPPLE CREAMS

A tin of whole pineapple, 1 oz. of gelatine, ¼ lb. of castor sugar, half a pint of cream. Take a tinned pineapple, trim it properly, cut it in half, cut one half into dice and the other pound very fine in a mortar and pass through a sieve. Dissolve about 1 oz. of gelatine in a gill of water or pineapple syrup, add a ¼ lb. of castor sugar, and when nearly cold, strain into half a pint of thick cream, add the purée of pineapple and the dice, and whip all together. When nearly cold pour into a mould and set on ice.

ROE SAVOURIES

Soft roes of bloaters or herrings, butter, toast, lemon-juice, and cayenne. The roes should be put into the oven with a piece of butter and heated through. Then sprinkle with cayenne and lemon-juice, and serve on toast or fried croûtons.

Emilia.

MARSHALL & SNELGROVE

LINEN DEPARTMENT

Exclusive Designs in Irish Hand-Embroidered Linen Blouse Lengths.

All White:—

7/9, 8/6, 9/-, 9/6, 12/6, 13/-, and 15/- each.

White, Embroidered Black:—

8/6 and 9/6 each.

A Large and Varied Selection of New Printed Crêpe Flannels, for Spring and Summer Blouses, etc.

27 inches wide, 1/6½ per yard.

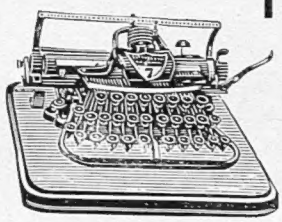
Patterns on Application.

All Departments well stocked with New Goods.

VERE STREET and OXFORD STREET, W.

VALUE FOR MONEY

For from 8 to 11 Guineas *(CASH OR INSTALMENTS)* **you can buy one of the celebrated**



BLICKensderfer Portable TYPEWRITERS

full foolscap size.

You can pay **MORE** but you won't get your money's worth.

You can pay **LESS** but you won't get Satisfaction.

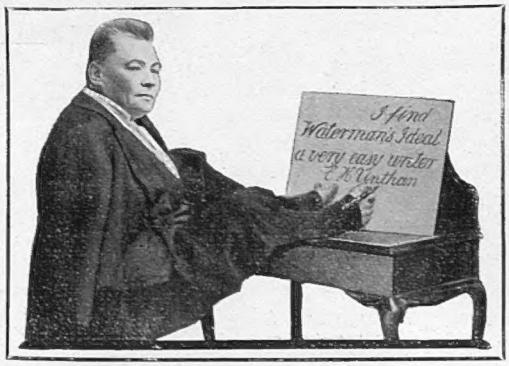
List 212 tells all about it, post free from

THE BLICKENSDERFER Co., Ltd.,

Head Office: NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.

London: 9, CHEAPSIDE. And most large towns.

A Curiosity in Caligraphy.



Our photo shows Mr. C. H. Unthan, whose unique performances attract great attention in the music halls, performing one of his "feats." If he finds, as he says he does, that "Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen" is the pen that best suits his foot, you will realise that it will give you extra ease and facility in writing with the straightforward use of your hand.

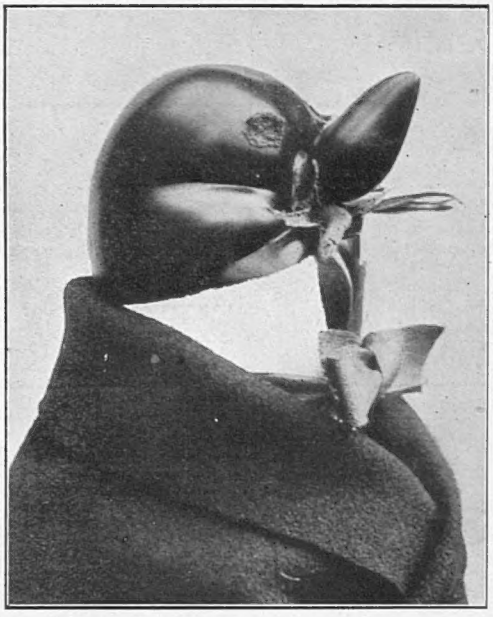
WATERMAN'S IDEAL

THE BEST OF ALL THE FOUNTAIN PENS

From 10/6. In Silver and Gold for Presentation. Of Stationers Jewellers, etc. Dainty illustrated booklet on pens post free from L. & C. HARDTMUTH, 12, Golden Lane, London, E.C. PARIS: 6, Rue de Hanovre. NEW YORK: 173, Broadway.

A Woman's Pocket Book

A great deal has been written about the over-importance which we attach to trifles. The modern woman is supposed—somewhat erroneously, I think—to be a mere bundle of nerves; her constitution practically wrecked in the sad contemplation of details. However this may be, I am grieved to find shopping reckoned as one of the minor ills, which, we are told, bring wrinkles to a woman's face before her time. The writer on this subject describes the shopper's expression as "a fixed, terse, anxious, puzzled look." Now, it is undoubtedly true that every practical woman *has* a "shopper's face"; it is as much a necessity and a part of her general housekeeping paraphernalia as the commodities which she buys; and, indeed, she would not buy them at all satisfactorily otherwise. The misapprehension lies in the fact that mere man does not understand what shopping means. How should he? It is not a *minor* ill at all, but a woman's everyday *work*; and during the lamentable period when everything appears to be out of season, it is as dreary and monotonous to her as are figures to the man doomed to be an accountant, although he once had ambitions. Nor is it any reproach to a woman's character that this is so, but rather the reverse—some of the most light-hearted and intelligent people I know have this "shopper's face" in a very pronounced degree. But *only* when they shop. Herein lies the difference between the commonplace and the attractive. No woman of sense and good taste would dream of allowing her housekeeping experiences to darken her countenance after the morning is over, nor worry her acquaintances or tease her husband with details about the grocer and the cook. Such behaviour would he hopelessly vulgar and provincial. But shopping, oh! man, has to be taken seriously if you want a good dinner.



£1,000 REWARD

Will not be paid to anyone who guesses the original of this photograph, because, as anyone can see at a glance, it is a tomato. Its weird resemblance to a human face won for it the dignity of a suit of clothes, a paper collar, and a tie. Our correspondent, on whose farm it was grown, regrets that we cannot see the original, which is much more like a human being than the photograph, owing to its rubicund and mottled colour. No *arrière pensée*, we trust

Slang seems to be a thing that is quite going out of fashion among girls, and it is now a matter of indifference whether they use such expressions or not. I cannot help thinking that this is an improvement, for slang does not suit everybody; on the other hand, when it *does* suit a girl, it is delightfully refreshing; so that it is difficult to say which was the most trying period in the art of conversation: that in which a fearful primness of expression was a part of a woman's good manners, or the subsequent violent revolution, when all sorts of odd, and some of them exceedingly ugly, expressions were "the thing" if you wanted to be "smart." But there is an art in everything, and there is an art in slang; it is just as much a mistake to embrace it wildly, or to ignore it entirely, for fashion's sake, as it is to wear the prevailing colour regardless of your complexion. To talk slang indiscriminately, it is necessary to be young and pretty and charming; with such qualities in her favour, a girl finds it hard to offend the public taste by her expressions; but, as one gets older, slang phrases should be modified, or even, in many cases, dropped altogether; for it is only in its naturalness that it is taking, and, like most other things, when merely preserved for effect, defeats its own object. It is a mistake to think that men usually object to girls talking slang; as a matter of fact, men like girls to enjoy themselves, and are far less faddy and exacting as to the precise manner in which they do this than we are inclined to believe. A young girl who really, thoroughly, and whole-heartedly enjoys herself is a very refreshing sight; and, as men are better judges of general effects than we are, when they like a girl, they like her to do what suits her.

"A Frenchwoman," says a contemporary, "is the best business woman in the world," and, of course, we feel a tiny bit indignant, because we had an idea that we were so businesslike and independent ourselves. When we consider, too, the restrictions upon her liberty to which the French girl has to submit, and which, though gradually relaxing, still keep her in a very different position from that occupied by an English girl in her freedom, then we think the assertion absurd; yet, after all, it is character that tells. A Frenchwoman is naturally businesslike: quick, clear-headed, ever on the alert, ready to seize an opportunity, prompt in catching at details. I do not mean to say that the French are more intellectual, nor even more intelligent than other races. We may make a discovery, or suggest an idea, but while we still suffer from the effort, our French sisters will appropriate our handiwork and put it into *use*. What we want is to be prompt; the French are prompt, and they are decided, and they know what tells. It is a case of the proverbial early bird.

LADY PHYLLIS.

WE ARE SHOWING AT THE

AGRICULTURAL HALL SHOW

(Stands Numbers 127-128)

GENUINE

DE DION-BOUTON

1905 — CARS — 1905

6 H.-P.	8 H.-P.	10 H.-P.	12 H.-P.	15 H.-P.
£185	£240	£320	£410	£600

— ALSO —

"MASS" AUTOMOBILES

8 H.-P. TONNEAU.	10 H.-P. TONNEAU.	12-14 H.-P. TONNEAU.	18-20 H.-P. SIDE ENTRANCE.
De Dion Engine.	2 Cylinders.	4 Cylinders.	4 Cylinders.
£185	£275	£350	£475

Simple, Silent, Successful. Any Make of Car Supplied at Special Rates.

LANCASTER MOTOR GARAGE, 1a, Lancaster Gate, London, W.

A. F. KING, Manager (late Manager, Fitting and Repairs Dept., De Dion-Bouton, Ltd.)

Telephone: 2461 Paddington. (Next Tube Station.) Telegrams: "Lancassent."

Patent No. 20794.

The "Crusader" Motoring Cap and Hood, which can be seen at Messrs LOVEGROVES, of Piccadilly. A "Crusader" costs from 25s. upwards, and can be supplied in all the smartest and latest materials. The picture will suffice to explain its advantages. Two caps of this make have been supplied to Her Majesty the Queen.

Telephone No.: 4109 Gerrard. Telegrams: "Waistcoats, London."

LOVEGROVES, Piccadilly, London, W.

Works and Stores Depot: SEDLEY PLACE, OXFORD ST., W.

LATEST MODELS.

MERCÉDÈS

SPARE PARTS IN STOCK.

ALL REPAIRS EXECUTED.

Agricultural Hall Show,
MARCH 18 to 25.
Stand Numbers, 107 & 108.

The Cannstatt Automobile Supply Association,

34, SHAFTESBURY AVENUE, W.

Telegrams: "CANNSTATT, LONDON."
Telephone: 10714 CENTRAL.

THE EDITOR'S BOX

The cover of Pitcher's new book
Shortly to be published by Sands and Co.

Pitcher's New Book

The appearance of a new book by the incomparable Pitcher is an event in the world *où l'on s'amuse*. We have roared over "Gal's Gossip," over "More Gal's Gossip," and we have cherished a hope of being introduced some day to "Most Gal's Gossip" (it is not often one has an opportunity of giving a pointer to Pitcher). The new book, which will be published in a few days by Sands and Co., is entitled, "Mop Fair." Meanwhile, we take pleasure in introducing our readers to the cover of "Pitcher's very latest," from a design supplied by the author.

A Harbour of Refuge

A notable exception to the many useless City churches is that of All Hallows, London Wall. In this church, and in the hall adjoining, accommodation is found for over four hundred girls and men each morning, who, through the stress of circumstances, have to travel up to town by the cheap early trains, but who do not have to reach their work until eight or nine o'clock. At about eight o'clock, the Rector, the Rev. Montague Fowler, or one of his colleagues, gives a short address, both in the church and in the hall. This is the only effort of its kind, and is greatly appreciated by those who avail themselves of it. £600, however, is required to enable this project to be carried on free from debt, and Mr. Fowler will be extremely grateful to receive any donations to help to clear off this amount.

A Library of Standard Works for a Sovereign

Messrs. Methuen have sent us the first volume of their new "Standard Library" of reprints, which is now being issued under the supervision of Mr. Sidney Lee, who supplies a brief introduction to each work. Well printed in good, large type, and edited from the best texts, this attempt to supply the standard works in our literature, at the low price of sixpence, should meet with success. The books one may now obtain for a sovereign would, twenty years ago, have cost at least five times as much, so that those who cannot now boast of a library of the best have only themselves to blame.

A New Folding Kodak at a Guinea

Our readers will be interested in the new camera, which the enterprising Kodak Company is now putting upon the market. The new kodak, which is a folding model of the phenomenally successful Brownie, and is called the No. 2 Folding Brownie, is offered at 21*s*., a price which brings it within the reach of all, and at which it is exceedingly good value. Concerning the all-important question of portability, it is enough to point out that, when closed, the No. 2 Folding Brownie measures only 7 by 3½ by 2 inches. It is, therefore, very easily carried in the pocket, on a cycle, or in the hand, and, weighing only 15 oz., it never becomes burdensome, even on a prolonged walking tour or excursion. The shutter of the No. 2 Folding Brownie is the Brownie Automatic, designed with special consideration of the work to be performed, and the conditions under which it is to be used

A Correction

In our issue for March 15, we published a caricature of Sir Alfred Harmsworth, represented as "The Napoleon of the Press," and standing upon a mountain of periodicals, among which was included the *County Gentleman*. In case any of our readers should have supposed that Sir A. Harmsworth is the owner of the *County Gentleman*, the editor of that periodical has asked us to say that such is not the case, and, for our own part, we offer herewith our apologies for the error.

Our New Bridge Competition

Next week, we hope to publish the details of a novel competition, which will interest those of our readers who play Bridge. The first two prizes will consist of the well-known BYSTANDER Bridge Case, and there will be five further prizes. The competition is an entirely novel one, and will give rise to much speculation—mental, of course.

The Bond St Dress Agency Ltd.

Is acknowledged to be the best Medium for the rapid and advantageous disposal of

HIGH CLASS
DAY & EVENING GOWNS
MILLINERY, FURS, Etc.

A number of charming gowns by the best makers always on view.

20 SPRING MODEL CLOTH GOWNS (NEW), LESS THAN HALF THE ORIGINAL COST.

Telephone No.: 6197 GERRARD.
Tele. Ad.: "PARALLAX, LONDON."

Book of Rules Mailed Post Free on Application.

95 New Bond St. London. W. ENTRANCE: BLENHEIM STREET.

"HENDAWICK" Underwear.

Write for our new booklet. It's worth having! . . . .
The Manager, Department B,
James Henderson & Co.,
Hawick, Scotland . . . . .

UNDERWEAR coming next to the skin is the most important part of clothing. "HENDAWICK" Pure Wool Underwear is soft and pliable, responds to every movement of the limbs, and does not wear out easily. It washes well, and will not shrink. We will give you the name of a dealer in your town who sells it, and assist you to select the most suitable underwear for your requirements.